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FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / JUNE 1967

SUMMER SUNDAY: *Where Are All The People?*

We track down a number of them beginning on page 33

Homecoming Day at Jennings Chapel begins when visitors arrive to decorate the graves with fresh flowers.

The morning service, more liturgical than in most Methodist churches, is followed by dinner and fellowship in a sun-dappled, parklike area on the church grounds. Later, the hat is passed to maintain the cemetery another year. First services at Jennings Chapel, founded by a circuit rider in 1847, were held in a tent.

Friends and relatives are reunited at dinner-on-the-grounds, an outdoor feast all too uncommon today.

Church Homecoming in Alabama

THE UNNAMED dead in the small, 120-year-old cemetery once numbered about 80, but careful research has enabled church members and descendants to identify and mark the graves of all but about 30 of these. Many, perhaps, were buried by westward-moving pioneers who stopped by the spring that flows from a nearby hill.

Jennings Chapel Methodist Church, in a flatwoods community at Northport, Ala., was established by a circuit rider in 1847. Since the end of the Civil War, people have returned every year, usually in May, as if in answer to an almost instinctive call. "The annual gathering," explains the new minister, B. B. Hughes, Jr., "is not just to honor the dead but to honor the Christian witness they made as they lived."

Last May, 300 came—from as far away as Miami, Fla. Some were former members; others were descendants of the original families that are buried here. The cemetery, unlike some in more isolated rural areas, is landscaped and receives regular care from loving hands.

Homecoming at Jennings Chapel was a day of worship, singing, and fellowship. "Certainly we enjoy homecoming Sunday," said Marvin Harper, a Northport lawyer whose grandfather was the church's first minister. "We come here also as a testament of faith, and to remember those who gave us our heritage as Christian people."

—H. B. TEETER

"Why did they kill my daddy?"

NHA TRANG, VIETNAM—*Little Chu's father was killed by the Viet Cong. Her mother, a refugee, brought her to a CCF home.*

Little Chu in Vietnam doesn't know what war is all about. All she knows is that once she was happy. Her daddy worked in the rice paddies while her mother baked soft bread and spicy meat.

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Later that evening she was hungry, and her mother said hush when she asked, "Why did they kill my daddy?"

Chu's mother brought her to our orphanage at Nha Trang, begging us to give her little girl help —a place to sleep, some rice, shelter from the guns.

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—John Wesley (1703-1791)

Together®

For Methodist Families / June 1967

After-Hour Jottings . . . The pastor who faces the congregation on **this month's cover** wants it understood that the pews in his church aren't *that* empty, not even on a beautiful summer Sunday morning. Fact is, the Rev. Carleton C. Rogers emphasizes, the morning was neither in summer nor was it beautiful. It was not even Sunday.

Quite the contrary. The cover picture, taken at First Methodist Church, Elgin, Ill., is intended to set the theme for *What Do They Do on Sunday?*—this month's center pictorial feature. Originally planned for January 29, 1967, the picture-taking date was postponed because of a three-foot snowfall that paralyzed large areas of the Midwest. Saturday, February 11, found the mercury at zero when our photographer, **George Miller**, set out for the church. A lot of automobiles and even more people remained snowbound.

That's how it happened that a very cold Saturday morning in the dead of winter provided as good a picture as one would want of a typical summer Sunday

(Continued on page 4)

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JOTTINGS/ *(Continued from page 3)*

morning—in *some* churches, at least.

TOGETHER seldom uses fiction—except, of course, in the Small Fry section and in occasional *Reader's Choice* features. We were reminded of this when **Ernest Blevins'** *The End of the World* [page 44] arrived in manuscript form. One editor suggested that we should ask Mr. Blevins "if this is pure fiction, or based on some actual (even if fragmentary) childhood experience."

So we came right out and asked Mr. Blevins. "The story is based on an actual childhood experience," he wrote. "I have changed the order of things slightly, but essentially it is a true story."

As a reader, you can be sure that almost any TOGETHER article is drawn from real life, or at least based on a true experience—unless it is obviously otherwise or is labeled as fiction.

For one reason or another, we grew up with the notion that poets usually are nice, elderly ladies, or pale, brilliant young women, or pale, temperamental young men. We learned better a long time ago, and young **Roger M. Short**, who wrote *The Dawn of Sunset* [page 73], puts more proof in the pudding.

Roger, who sent us a picture, reminds us of a college halfback we know, and he tells us he likes to travel and "to mess around with cars, although I'm no mechanic.

"During the summers of 1958-59, I spent a total of 16 weeks in Yellowstone National Park . . . camped, fished, hiked, and rode horses . . . The many experiences I had there led me to enjoy the outdoors and especially horses."

For some time now, we have corresponded with the Rev. Thomas Russell, superintendent-minister of Wesley Memorial Church in Epworth, England, and we have watched with interest his running account of the renovation that has taken place in the last few years. The church is comparatively new as English churches go, having been dedicated in 1889 as a memorial to the founder of Methodism. For years it was neglected—so much so that Mr. Russell declared:

"It would be better not to have this memorial church than that people should come from abroad and from our own country and see it dilapidated or neglected . . ."

Now the good news from Mr. Russell is that contributions from many American Methodists have helped restore both the interior and exterior of the church. Reopening services were held there in May, 1966, even though renovation was not yet complete.

Methodists in the United States, who helped erect the church and contributed to its renovation, "should know that their gifts to this end have been put to good use—and that the memorial church is worthy of its founder," Mr. Russell writes.

Last year, it was announced that some 3,500 pounds sterling (roughly $10,000) would be required to improve the cloakrooms, modernize the kitchen, and reno-

Wesley Memorial Church in Epworth.

vate the organ. Contributions for this or any other purpose may be sent to Mr. Russell, Wesley Manse, Epworth, England.

Methodist tourists who visit Epworth this summer will see the spire of Wesley Memorial as it dominates the treetops of Epworth village, a once-isolated English town that belongs to the world. The church is one of the four *must* stops for the Epworth visitor. The others: Steps in the market place from which John Wesley often preached; the Parish Church where his father was rector from 1696 to 1735; and, of course, the Old Rectory where the Wesley children were reared.

Among our contributors: **Nancy Allison Bartram** [see poem in Small Fry section, page 67] is a transplanted Southerner who lives in Rochester, N.Y. When she first served okra to her family, she asked her five-year-old son to identify the vegetable. "Pumpkin stems!" he replied.

Residing in Cincinnati, Ohio, is **Emerson Abts**, author of *Will the Real Prophet Stand Up?* [page 31], pastor of Wesley Chapel. He notes that Mrs. Abts "is as crazy as I" about being "submerged in the inner city"; and he passes along this one about his young daughter, who recently attended a service in a well-kept Washington suburban church. When the collection plate was passed, the girl decided not to drop in her dollar. Later, she handed it to her father, saying: "Here it is, Dad, for dirty old Wesley Chapel."

—*Your Editors*

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

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The Church in Action

Churches Fight Job Discrimination With Dollar Power in . . .

PROJECT EQUALITY

U.S. CHURCHES, changing their civil-rights efforts "from protest to program," are beginning to use their economic might to fight social and economic injustices.

The most concrete expression of this strength of wealth is the relatively new Project Equality, an interfaith program based on the principle of "selective purchasing," of patronizing only equal-opportunity employers. Designers patterned it after the federal government's policy of refusing to deal with businesses which practice discrimination.

Started by Catholics: Project Equality was developed by the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice, a lay organization, and was formally initiated in May, 1965, in the Roman Catholic archdiocese of St. Louis. By December of that year, Orthodox, Jewish and Protestant groups (including The Methodist Church) had joined the project, making it the first ecumenical endeavor undertaken solely to promote equal-employment opportunities.

Methodist conferences or districts are participating in pilot programs in Detroit, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Columbus, Ohio, and Connecticut, and Minnesota. Other Project Equality areas include San Antonio, Seattle, and Michigan (excluding Detroit), and Tennessee. The project is conducted on statewide levels whenever possible, to avoid unnecessary duplication of work.

Nationally, 81 religious bodies of varying sizes are participating. They range from a single congregation in one city to, more commonly, city and state councils of churches. Typically, the new Minnesota program is sponsored by Baptists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, members of the United Church of Christ, Quakers, Unitarian-Universalists, Jews, Eastern Orthodox, and Roman Catholics.

How does Project Equality work? Much responsibility for its organization is placed on individual religious-supported institutions such as schools and hospitals, and on local churches and synagogues. Participants are first asked to examine and revise their own employment policies.

Each participating church explains the purpose of the program to its suppliers. The suppliers are asked to take four steps:

- To sign a commitment form, promising to maintain equal-employment-opportunity policies.
- To communicate the policies to all people concerned, including company personnel departments, outside recruiting services, and minority communities.
- To take "affirmative steps" to hire minority persons.
- To provide a breakdown of the company's total labor force by race and job category.

Suppliers also are advised that future purchases and bids will be based upon the company's fair-employment-practices record, as well as on cost and quality of product. They are told that the church's purchasing will favor "those firms which demonstrate their effective commitment to the principle of equal-employment opportunity." Firms pledging their active support are listed in a buyer's guide which churches consult before choosing suppliers.

Project Equality conducts compliance reviews to determine whether or not suppliers are practicing equal employment. If a supplier fails to comply, he can be dropped from the list of merit employers. No supplier is forced to participate in Project Equality, but only those who sign commitments are in the buyer's guide.

Christianity—Or Coercion? Project officials are cautiously optimistic about their programs. The Rev. James Bristah, director of the Detroit Conference Board of Christian Social Concerns, calls it "one of the new forms of ministry for the church," but warns that it will succeed only to "the extent to which local churches are willing to put their money where their principles are."

"This is really shaking up a lot of people," admitted Father Richard Engle, temporary director of the Columbus, Ohio, program. "But it's forcing congregations to think and face the issues."

While many churches undoubtedly are "facing the issues," not all agree that Project Equality is a practical or ethical solution to discriminatory hiring practices. "Some people feel the church shouldn't take this kind of [economic] action," a program coordinator commented.

A Lutheran minister called the policy of selective purchasing "discrimination in reverse." A Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce officer charged the churches are resorting to "force, coercion, [and] intimidation . . . to compel acceptance of their views on discrimination." "You are simply joining the government in pressuring us on the matter of integration," another critic charged.

Some churchmen fear that the intent of the buyer's guide will be misunderstood. "The published list would, by its terms, purport to be a definitive lists of all the 'good guys,'" one maintained. "Any supplier *not* on the list would automatically become a 'bad guy.'"

Suppliers—those affected most directly by the program—have expressed mixed reactions. Some Ohio businessmen felt that local program directors could become too dictatorial. They also asked that a board of appeals other than the project's own board of trustees be set up.

A Detroit spokesman reported little supplier resistance. "They've been getting more and more of this [contract requirements] because that's how the federal projects are handled. They're coming to expect this." He said some suppliers were "quite anxious to get on the lists."

Methodists Endorse It: Methodist involvement, like that of other groups, has been varied. A division of the Board of Christian Social Concerns in 1965 urged nationwide support of Project Equality and invested $1,000 in the pioneer Detroit program. At its April meeting this year in Portland, Oreg., the full board endorsed the project and called for more Methodist support.

The Woman's Division of the Methodist Board of Missions endorsed Project Equality at its January meeting in Cincinnati without a dissenting vote. Methodist women locally were asked to introduce the project in their annual conferences and local congregations.

It is difficult to assess the degree to which local Methodist churches are participating. In Columbus, Methodist leaders such as Bishop F. Gerald Ensley have been enthusiastic about Project Equality, although only a handful of local churches has actively supported it. The sponsoring committee of the Columbus District endorsed the program unanimously. Its trustees include three attorneys, one Ohio legislator, and an employee of a church supplier.

John C. Wagner, an Ohio Conference executive, said Methodist laymen have worked hard to support Project Equality. "And it's not merely those churchmen who have nothing to lose who are participating but laymen who have their reputation at stake in the community," he noted.

Mr. Wagner also commented on local churches' reactions to the controversial program. "Some congregations have rejected it, others have had long discussions and then tabled it, and others have accepted it. We've had some individuals resign from churches in opposition to it," he said.

National Project Equality Director Thomas H. Gibbons, Jr., said Methodist support is strongest in metropolitan Detroit and Connecticut.

Interpretation of Project Equality to local churches seems to have been done particularly well in Detroit. Bishop Dwight E. Loder introduced it by letter to all Methodist ministers and to heads of church institutions. Later mailings went to pastors, churches, and suppliers.

What's Ahead? It is still too early to evaluate Project Equality. Will it flourish, or fizzle in a national mood of conservative backlash to the civil-rights movement? Will the church stick to its requirements if they result in yet unforeseen sacrifices such as loss of financial support and membership?

"Project Equality is here to stay," asserts Dr. Grover C. Bagby, of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, who also serves on the national religious advisory committee to Project Equality. "Top-level management is being enlightened and converted to better employment practices. With time, more and more local churches will accept the Project Equality program. The church can't avoid facing the ethics of this issue and still maintain its self-respect."

Certainly the program is no quick cure-all for the church's own discriminatory practices, warns John Wagner. "Are the churches *truly* integrated like they're telling others to be? No. But that doesn't mean the churches shouldn't try raising such issues as segregation and employment."

Both religious and secular communities are beginning to realize the potentially powerful role churches can play in the business world. (U.S. churches spend more for goods and services than any business or agency except the federal government.) Through Project Equality, churches can use their economic power to put muscle behind their convictions.

"Project Equality has progressed further than we thought it would by now, and it's gaining momentum all the time," Director Gibbons reports. Approximately 15,000 suppliers across the nation have signed commitment forms. Mr. Gibbons expects at least 5 new programs to be operating in the Midwest and the East by the end of 1967, with 15 more in 1968.

But most important, perhaps, Project Equality is forcing the local churches to examine their moral responsibility to society. Mr. Gibbons summarizes it this way: "Project Equality has made the white church face the issue of equal-employment opportunity." —MARTHA LANE

LAUNCH CHURCH-WIDE STUDY ON ECUMENISM

"The new church envisaged by the Consultation on Church Union (COCU) is likely to become a reality, and Methodists might as well get ready for it—unless we wish to stand against the currents and tides of our time."

That assertion by Dr. Norman L. Trott, a member of the Methodist COCU delegation, typifies the effort of church leaders to encourage widespread study of the direction and pace of COCU negotiations.

Dr. Trott spoke before some 300 annual-conference leaders in Cincinnati, Ohio, at a conference on *Educating for Ecumenism*. It was the first such meeting by any of COCU's 10 member denominations and marked the opening of a two-year church-wide study of Christian unity sponsored by four major Methodist agencies. Chief resource for local-church studies is the book *That the World May Believe*, by Dr. Albert C. Outler, Methodist observer at the Second Vatican Council and professor at Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University.

Dr. Trott, retiring president of Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C., stressed that COCU seeks not "an amalgamation of churches or a consolidation of organizations" but "a union that will have in it elements of reformation."

"Methodism," he said, "has much to contribute to the consultation," and if structural guidelines proposed at COCU's 1966 meeting in Dallas are generally adopted, "Methodists will be quite comfortable" in the new church.

The 1967 consultation session at Cambridge, Mass., in May was to continue discussion of structural possibilities.

Three other COCU delegates joined Dr. Trott in discussing the consultation's progress. They were Dr. George

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G. Beazley, chief ecumenical officer of the Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ); Dr. Albert T. Mollegen, an Episcopal seminary professor; and Mrs. E. Harris Harbison, associate editor of *Presbyterian Life*.

A leading Roman Catholic ecumenist from Canada, the Rev. Gregory Baum, gave the Methodist delegates insights into stresses within his church caused by the enthusiasm of some Catholics and the reluctance of others to translate Vatican Council pronouncements into reality.

"Fortunately," said Father Baum, "Roman Catholic interest in ecumenism is intense in many parts of the world," including the United States and Canada.

In small-group conversations, the delegates shared experiences of activities which have been carried out in local communities to involve themselves in the ecumenical movement. Conference leaders challenged the group to set specific goals for further ecumenical actions.

Bishop Tippett Installed

Bishop Donald H. Tippett of San Francisco has begun his one-year term as president of the Methodist Council of Bishops, succeeding Bishop Richard C. Raines of Indianapolis.

Bishop Tippett

As Bishop Tippett was installed at the Buffalo, N.Y., meeting of the council, Bishop Eugene M. Frank of St. Louis was elected president-designate to serve in 1968-69.

Preliminary to the council session, the 70 Methodist bishops met with the 7 bishops of the Evangelical United Brethren Church in the first joint meeting since the General Conferences of both churches approved the Plan of Union last November.

The consensus is that the Plan of Union will be strongly endorsed at the grass-roots level. Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke of New York, chairman of the Methodist Ad Hoc Committee on Union with the EUBs, said that by June 1 a definite trend in annual-conference voting should indicate the outcome. Two thirds of the members of 139 Methodist and 32 EUB conferences must approve.

Problems involved in the proposed union with other major Protestant denominations are not insurmountable, according to Bishop James K. Mathews of Boston, vice-chairman of the Consultation on Church Union (COCU).

Bishop Mathews reported on the national union effort in which The Methodist Church and nine other denominations are looking toward the formation of a combined church of 24 million members. He said it would be "unthinkable for Methodism not to be involved in these discussions and full participants in shaping Protestantism for the years ahead."

Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, center, receives the 1967 Brotherhood Award of the National Conference of Christians and Jews for outstanding leadership in "fostering amity, justice, and co-operation" among all faiths. The Methodist layman, president of the National Council of Churches and of the University of Oregon, is flanked by NCCJ president Dr. Sterling W. Brown (left), and Mitch Miller, music and choral director of television fame.

The big stumbling blocks in COCU's path, said Bishop Mathews, are apathy, suspicion, and fear. "We are anxious over possible loss of identity and freedom, of blurring of traditions, of being lost in some massive monolithic structure. As Methodists, our very size inhibits us and makes us feel self-sufficient. At the same time, our heritage would seem to urge us forward."

In other action, the council unanimously approved the "resolution for the elimination of racial structure" in The Methodist Church that was adopted by the 1966 General Conference. Also, two of the bishops—John Wesley Lord of Washington, D.C., and James K. Mathews—were appointed to attend a preparatory conference next September 11-25 in Asia for a proposed World Interreligious Symposium on Peace.

TV Evaluation in October

October will be "Television Evaluation Month" for Methodist families across the nation.

The denomination's Television, Radio, and Film Commission (TRAFCO) has approved a plan to encourage Methodists to put a critical eye on commercial network and local

television offerings and to make their evaluations known to stations. Preliminary discussion with broadcasting industry personnel indicates that the project will have the support of industry leadership.

Methodist viewers, said a TRAFCO report, "will be encouraged to take seriously the potential moral and ethical influence of television on individual and group life." Individuals have a responsibility to become evaluators of TV viewing experiences and programs rather than passive, uncritical consumers, the report said.

TRAFCO voted at its recent annual meeting in New Orleans to work toward developing new television programs. During the past two years, the commission has put heavy emphasis on experimenting with new radio programs. *American Profile*, a recorded five-minute daily interview program introduced in January, now is being broadcast by about 300 stations.

Plan Wesley Monument

Georgia Methodists will erect a $50,000 bronze statue of John Wesley in Savannah, the port city where he served as a Church of England missionary in 1736.

A 33-year-old Wesley (his age when he lived in Savannah), rather than the traditional "older Wesley" known by most Methodists, will grace Reynolds Square. A rare print of Methodism's founder in his 30s, secured in London last summer by Methodist Bishop John Owen Smith of Atlanta, will be used as a model.

The Wesley monument will be the first erected in one of the city's several squares in nearly 60 years and will be the first ever to honor a religious leader there.

Koreans Elect Bishop

The pastor of a large Seoul congregation was elected bishop of the autonomous Korean Methodist Church as its General Conference met in special session during March.

The Rev. Hong-Kyu Pyen was installed at services led by one former Korean bishop, assisted by another and by Bishop O. Eugene Slater of the San Antonio-Northwest Texas Area. Also present were a Roman Catholic bishop and representatives of Korean Presbyterian churches and the National Christian Council.

The regular session of the Korean General Conference adjourned last October, still deadlocked over the election of an episcopal leader after 111 ballots. Bishop Pyen was chosen on the third ballot.

The new bishop studied at Hamline University and Drew University Theological School in the United States, and was ordained in the for-

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Jordan the Holy Land

On the Beach at San Diego . . .

'God Is MOD'

By RAYMOND H. WILSON

THIRTY southern California Methodist youths experimented during Holy Week in a totally new approach to the church's evangelistic witness on the beach. When it was over, it was hard to say who had the most meaningful experience—the churched or the unchurched.

Counseled, encouraged, and inspired by the Rev. William J. Peckham of the church's Board of Evangelism, in Nashville, the California young people set out to prove that common, ordinary "nickel-plated Christians," as they called themselves, could make an effective witness at Pacific Beach near San Diego.

These young Californians, who pride themselves on knowing the sand and the surf, found that witnessing to their Christian faith was more than an Easter-vacation lark. At the end of the first day, one confessed: "I don't know exactly why I'm here. I couldn't even tell you definitely that I *am* a Christian."

Another admitted that "I messed around for two hours down at the beach because I was afraid to go out and witness to people."

But energetic and imaginative Bill Peckham was neither dismayed nor surprised. He recognized that one of the week's goals would be to develop a redemptive community relationship among witness team members. "It was painful," he said. "I don't think anybody really enjoyed the process."

Meanwhile, the young people pursued a tight schedule including nearly three hours of discussion and instruction each morning, several hours on the beach in the afternoon, and evenings in a coffeehouse they established at a nearby recreation center for no-holds-barred conversation, and showing the film *Parable*.

During the morning sessions, Mr. Peckham sought to broaden and strengthen the youths' faith and understanding of their mission. He asked for written replies to such questions as, "Who or what is a Christian?" and "How does a person become a Christian?" They prayed, and one youthful plea was: "I need strength—your strength, your love, to bring me out of the hell I live in."

Moments of introspection turned to moments of critical examination of the church. "What would you do to change the church?" Mr. Peckham asked. And he got answers that were too sincere to be forgotten: "I would change the sermons from old and dry to a little more modern and wet"; "Stop sitting and start doing—take the pews out of the sanctuary"; "Make the church living—have it go to the 'real' people instead of hopelessly waiting around for people to come to it." And "Change the ideas all little old ladies have about youth!"

On the beach, the team wore sweat shirts on which was emblazoned the fish symbol of Christianity. Within the outline of the fish were the cryptic letters "I M"—a good conversation opener that stood for anything from "Insane Methodists" to "Invitation to Meaning," depending on the source.

Other attention-getters included artistic sand-casting, guitar-strumming, and touch football. But the happening which stirred the most interest was the creation of a pop-art collage of symbols of the mod generation—a phonograph record, a swastika, the word "sex," a beer can. Instead of jeers or cheers from the high-school and college-age surfers, it drew a challenge from a dozen or so youths who were on the beach under sponsorship of a conservative religious group. "Radicals!" "Communists!" the Methodists were called.

The Methodist answer was a second collage with a mirror, puppetlike strings attached to a baby doll, and the question, "Who controls?" More than 400 young people crowded around to watch.

If numbers meant anything, this confrontation was the high point of the beach witness. But to Cheryl Woodard, of Whittier, Calif., there were other, more meaningful situations. She recalls her discussion with a youth named Lee, whom she met on the beach. "He has moved six times during high school from home to aunts to uncles and back home again," she related. "He's been on drugs, he drinks himself into the drunk tank, and he's tried committing suicide. And when he says this to us, it's an open invitation to show what we have to live for. . . . Our talking isn't going to make Lee a Christian, but if he thinks about it long enough, his life may take on real meaning."

Some of the youths at Pacific Beach found new meaning in life and in their relationship to God. Asked what God had become to him, one teen-age boy wrote:

God is everywhere / God is love / God is with us / God is up to date / God is mod. □

San Diego Methodist youths carried Christian witness to the beach during Holy Week. A monogrammed fish was their conversation-starting symbol.

mer Newark Conference. He served two terms as president of the Methodist Theological Seminary in Seoul and has been pastor of the city's Nam San Church since 1950.

In other action, General Conference delegates changed the Korean Church's *Discipline* to permit "one or more" bishops, and voted to have fraternal relations with other Methodist Churches around the world. It is one of five autonomous Methodist bodies to which American Methodism is related.

Ease Student Drinking Rule

American University in Washington, D.C., has decided to relax its policy on student drinking, but the administration insists that the change represents "no great breakthrough."

The change, affecting four major all-school functions a year at the Methodist-related university, acknowledges that alcoholic beverages have been readily available during dances in Washington hotels. Charles Van Way, Jr., dean of students, explains that the university will no longer object to a hotel's setting up a bar and selling drinks.

The decision for a less restrictive interpretation of student drinking policy was made by the provost and deans after conferences with faculty and trustee committees. Officials said it does not revise the stated policy that possession or use of alcohol is forbidden in university facilities and at major student functions, on or off the campus.

Lauds Men in Viet Nam

The Methodist bishop who heads his church's Commission on Chaplains had high praise for the attitudes and conduct of U.S. servicemen after a week-long visit to Viet Nam.

Bishop W. Angie Smith of Oklahoma City, reporting to the commission meeting in Washington, D.C., lauded the soldiers, chaplains, and commanders in South Viet Nam for volunteer work in aiding Vietnamese —such as feeding orphans and building shelters for families.

He also pointed to American troops contributing generously from their own pay and pitching in to build their own chapels, as well as hospitals, schools, and orphanages for the Vietnamese.

Commenting on the servicemen's high morale and their lack of hatred —even for the enemy—Bishop Smith said, "It's a strange war. We can be proud of the fact we're there, whether we ought to be or not." The bishop, who is 72 and will retire in 1968, saw fighting men in action from both helicopter and patrol boat. He saw, either in Viet Nam or at retreats in

"be specific!"

is not always good advice

Today it's wiser to **be general.**

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TV *this month*

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER
Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

TASTE is an interesting sensation. Some people like lobster, and some prefer lasagna. It is often difficult to articulate just why you prefer the taste of a certain food, but the fact is that all of us have our likes and dislikes.

This is true in the arts also. Here, as in cuisine, it is possible to have natural and acquired tastes. This may help to explain why there is so often a divergence of opinion between the critic and the common man. I have never read any critical kudos for Mickey Spillane, but decade after decade he remains a best seller.

In television criticism, apparently, the critics rarely agree with the masses, if the ratings are to be trusted. I am not going to champion the critics or the programming of the current season, but I do honor the critics' thoughtful attempts at program evaluation.

What I am interested in are the standards *you* use to judge programming. Every experience in life leaves its imprint on us. To paraphrase Socrates, the unexamined TV schedule is not worth watching. It is important to evaluate one's experiences, and here are some of the criteria I use.

1. Is the program valid visually? TV is a visual medium, but many still use it as if it were just radio with pictures. One of my friends says that if you can turn your head away from the screen without missing much, the program belongs on radio. Charlie Chaplin taught us that words often are not the best way to communicate. Perhaps my greatest gripe is against the sports announcer who keeps informing me of action I can plainly see on my screen.

2. Is it honest or is it contrived? Do the humor, pathos, excitement, or other elements grow believably from the story, or are they injected merely to get some desired reaction from the audience? In other words, does it cater to me, seek to manipulate me, or does it respect me? I am not prudish when it comes to violence, but I have seen all too much violence for the sake of audience reaction. That turns me off—and often my TV set as well!

3. Is there artistic excellence? A fresh script? (The good Lord deliver us from predictable plots which telegraph their endings before they are out of the roundhouse.) Creative camera work? Sharp editing, and skilled direction?

4. What of the performers? Are they believable or wooden?

5. Are there new insights for me in the program? In the midst of an exciting, expanding world, have I stuck my head in an electronic hole that focuses my mind on trivia, or is my TV screen a window opening into some important aspect of God's world? Is my consciousness expanded and my spirit quickened?

Television which has to program 18 or more hours a day, seven days a week, does not offer quality often enough; but when it does, it is like a pearl of great price. If you miss the program, it is gone.

Some of the following may be pearls. No matter what you watch, I should be interested to know how you evaluate it and what standards you use.

May 18, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*Cortez and the Legend.*

May 26, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*The American Image*, as seen through the eyes of artists.

May 28, 4-5 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*The Beautiful Red and Blue Danube* (repeat).

May 28, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*Beautification of Our Country.*

June 1, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*Summer Focus: The Young Drug Users.*

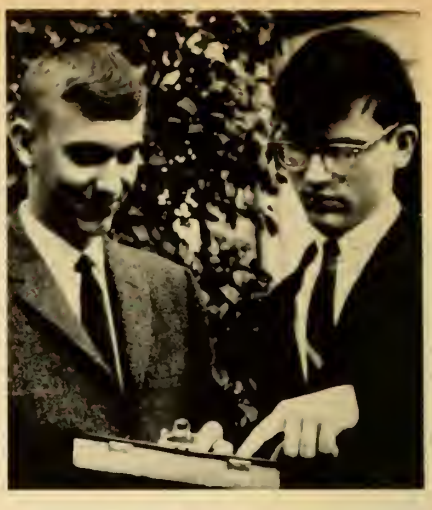
June 7, 9-10 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*Expo '67.*

June 9, 9-10 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*The Medical Dilemma.*

June 11, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*Whatever Happened to Civil Rights?*

June 12, 8:30-9 p.m., EDT, on CBS—*Charley Brown in Love.*

June 15, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*Summer Focus: Take a Deep Deadly Breath*, an examination of urban air pollution. □



Two Methodist college students will work with the denomination's Board of Evangelism this summer in an experimental program of youth evangelism. Bert Whittier and Marshall Monthei, sophomores at Boston University and Iowa Wesleyan College respectively, will consult with Methodist Youth Fellowship councils at the conference, district, and subdistrict levels on new evangelism trends.

Tokyo, all 68 Methodist and many of the other 376 chaplains on duty at the time of his visit.

Bishop Smith believes that North Viet Nam "is in a desperate situation" and eventually will come to the peace table. He compared the Viet Cong guerrilla activity to the Indian wars of the U.S. Southwest. "You might sign a treaty with Geronimo but other Apaches would keep fighting."

The chaplains commission endorsed 43 men for the chaplaincy—most of them for active duty in the armed forces—announced a budget increase to $247,000 for 1967-68, and raised pension rates for chaplains. Methodism now has 545 military chaplains around the world and 174 others in medical, penal, and other institutions.

Upper Room *Editor Named*

New editor of *The Upper Room* is Dr. Wilson O. Weldon of Greensboro, N.C.

Elected at the recent Seattle meeting of the Methodist Board of Evangelism, Dr. Weldon succeeds retiring Dr. J. Manning Potts as excutive secretary of *The Upper Room* section.

Dr. Weldon has been senior pastor of the West Market Street Methodist Church in Greensboro. He has been a member of the Board of Evangelism for seven years and currently is president of the Western North Carolina Conference Board of Evangelism.

In other action, the board unanimously approved a special request to the 1968 General Conference. The request asks that evangelism be made

"the first business of the church" if union with the Evangelical United Brethren Church is voted and that the new denomination "establish a great bold and daring program of contemporary evangelism for the next quadrennium."

Catholics Pray for Revival

North Carolina Roman Catholics in Lexington and Mocksville prayed for the success of a Methodist "Venture in Faith," a special three-day revival program for congregations in the Thomasville District of the Western North Carolina Conference.

Father Ronald McLaughlin of Holy Rosary Catholic Church said his 220-member Lexington parish and its Mocksville extension, St. Francis Catholic Mission, joined in the four days of supplication.

And when the Methodists neared the close of their revival, Catholics began a 24-hour prayer vigil for its success. They came as families and individuals to Holy Rosary Church and many prayed in their homes, according to Father McLaughlin.

Study Poverty, Then Act

The Schenectady, N.Y., *Union Star* editorial called it "Applied Religion." To the members of Trinity Methodist Church there, it is simply the outgrowth of the national 1966-67 study theme, "Affluence and Poverty."

For eight weeks an average of 60 Trinity members met after Sunday worship to study. Then they began going into Schenectady's poverty areas to see how they could serve.

They found a mother and 11 children living in a vermin-infested house which had been condemned by the city and soon was to be razed. The Roman Catholic family was spending most of its welfare money for rent and little was left for clothing or household furnishings.

In a special Christmas offering, the church raised $3,500 to purchase a house for the family. The property was then given to Better Neighborhoods, Inc., a private, nonprofit corporation working to improve living conditions and provide low-cost housing for large needy families.

A committee from Trinity also gathered clothing for the children and necessary household furnishings. Trinity members expect to continue to work with social workers in assisting the family in its new life and surroundings.

Emergency Aid to Africa

An initial contribution of $46,000 to the Ecumenical Program for Emergency Action in Africa has been forwarded to the World Council of Churches by the Methodist Board of Missions.

The board's World Division and Woman's Division together will provide $250,000 for the project over a five-year period.

The Methodist Committee for Over-

Methodists in the News

High-school senior **Rosemary Dunaway**, America's "Junior Miss for 1967," is an active member of First Methodist Church, Little Rock, Ark.

Robert Parrish, Milford, Ill., Methodist layman and dairy farmer, is the featured soloist on an LP recording, *The Singing Farmer*, and recently was one of the soloists on the Illinois Bell Telephone television show *Illinois Sings*.

Dr. **Jose Miguez-Bonino**, president of Union Theological Seminary in Buenos Aires, has been named the 1967-68 Henry W. Luce Visiting Professor of World Christianity at Union Theological Seminary, New York.

Dr. **Hyla S. Watters**, former Methodist medical missionary to China and Liberia for a total of 35 years, was named "Woman of the Year" by the Woman's Medical Society of New York State.

Dr. **Carl E. Keightley**, Dallas, editor of *The Texas Methodist*, has been named director of communications for the Methodist Board of Evangelism.

Dr. **Norman L. Trott**, president of Wesley Theological Seminary in Washington, D.C., since 1955, has announced he will retire by fall of 1967.

DEATHS: Dr. **Earl E. Harper**, 71, former president of Methodist-related Evansville and Simpson Colleges, who recently served as chairman of the executive committee which guided revision of *The Methodist Hymnal*. . . . Wisconsin Methodist educators: Dr. **James H. Albertson**, 41, president of Stevens Point State University; Dr. **A. Donald Beattie**, 45, school of business and economics dean at Whitewater State University; and, Dr. **Melvin L. Wall**, 54, head of the department of plant and earth sciences at River Falls State University, all killed in a Viet Nam plane crash during a storm. They were part of an eight-man team of American educators surveying South Viet Nam's high-school and college problems.

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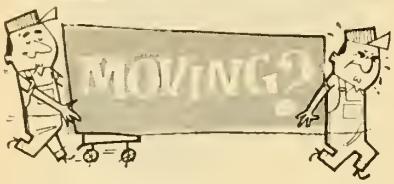

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seas Relief also is making available $250,000 by 1970, with $100,000 already having been paid.

The African project is a five-year, $10 million program for emergency action designed to aid the emerging nations in Africa. About one fourth of the funds will go for refugee work.

Of the Board of Missions first check, $10,000 went to the Free University of the Congo.

Tackle Open-Housing Issue

Chicago Area Methodists are joining with other Protestants and the Chicago Catholic archdiocese to promote acceptance of open housing by their members in both urban and rural sections.

The Rock River Conference, covering 18 northern Illinois counties, has embarked on a program of education and action to support fair-housing legislation.

Methodist Bishop Thomas M. Pryor pointed out that Chicago demonstrated last summer that business, real estate, political, and religious leaders could meet with civil-rights leaders and arrive at peaceful agreement for steps toward ending discrimination in housing.

The Rev. Martin Deppe, Gresham Methodist pastor and spokesman for Rock River's fair-housing committee, expressed hope that some of the conference's many Negro families might be encouraged to seek employment in outlying suburban sections and towns in the Chicago Area.

CENTURY CLUB

Among new members of the Century Club this month is Dr. Andrew M. Shea, 100, a retired Methodist minister of St. Cloud, Fla. Other centenarians include:

Mrs. Peter Anderson, 100, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. E. L. Davis, 100, Little Rock, Ark.
Mrs. Laura Ewing, 100, Havre de Grace, Md.
Mrs. Clementine Layton, 100, Jamestown, Kans.
Martin Rothert, 100, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Hayden Sloan, 100, Anna, Ill.
Mrs. Sarah Underhill, 100, Denver, Colo.
Mrs. Howell Williams, 100, Long Beach, Calif.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where the centenarian is a member, and its location.

Idealism On—And Off—The Campus

IF A COMMENCEMENT speaker fitting the old stereotype—with pious, heroic oratory about going out and saving the world with knowledge—were to address a group of graduating college seniors this June, it is likely he would arouse only groaning, squirming, and muttered profanities.

The speaker could point out, of course, that this is the generation that will man space stations; that may cure cancer; that has the tools to make cities livable, to wipe out poverty, to enrich underdeveloped nations; that it could, with sufficient determination and ingenuity, put an end to war.

None of this is news to today's young people. They know the possibilities before them, better than most of their elders. But the romantic idealism of earlier eras just isn't their style; they reject conventional inspirational formulas not grounded in practicality, and refuse to shadow each day with the cumulative burden and guilt of all the world's problems-in-general.

Don't be fooled, though. Many in this so-called "Now Generation" are deeply concerned about how the world is going and are determined to change it for the better. They are idealists, but of a different stripe. They are not going to wait 15 or 20 years—while they make their mark—before they put their idealism to the test. They'll do it now, today.

One evidence of this is that an increasing percentage of today's bright young college grads flatly reject careers in business and industry. Consider these facts:

- In 1960, 39 percent of the Harvard senior class entered business after graduation. In 1964, only 14 percent did.
- A poll last year by Louis Harris discovered that only 12 percent of college seniors across the nation were seriously considering business careers.
- On most campuses, the shift continues away from such specialty subjects as business administration and engineering, and toward the humanities—English, history, political science, sociology, philosophy, religion.

What's behind this? As usual, theories abound. But most who have analyzed this trend say that we have on our hands a college generation deeply and specifically committed to the ideals our society at least professes—decency, tolerance, brotherhood, opportunity for all. For many of them, this commitment goes far beyond mere intellectual assent; they want to do something specific, now, in their own lives, to implement these ideals.

Business? Industry? "That's not where the action is," many students say. They who are so devastatingly effective at shattering our hypocrisies and stereotypes seem often to accept unquestioningly the unflattering stereotype of big business, of the impersonal corporation that (so the story goes) is concerned only with making money by processes which, to an idealistic student, seem intellectually and emotionally and personally unsatisfying. Conversely, they credit government, education, civil-rights groups, social-service agencies, and occasionally certain church-sponsored programs with being the prime movers in areas of broad humanitarian concern.

Well, all this has businessmen worried. General Electric surveyed 2,500 June graduates last year and found that many had not even bothered to talk to GE interviewing teams on their campuses because "GE doesn't have the kind of work we are looking for." Many said they were interested in finding jobs that would allow them to make a significant social contribution as well as do the kind of professional work they had trained for.

GE has responded by launching a program explaining to students that it devotes considerable corporate time, money, and manpower to research and development in such fields as urban congestion and transit, desalinization of ocean water, new sources of power, space travel, water and air pollution, teaching and learning methods, and the diagnosis and treatment of disease. Such efforts in technology unquestionably will have a direct effect on the quality of life in the years ahead.

A society, of course, moves ahead only with the consent or participation of all major units constituting it—and certainly that includes big business. But to issue a pronouncement to idealistic students, telling them they are missing a real opportunity if they simply turn their backs on business and industry, will serve no purpose. That sounds too much like the old-style commencement lecture, and no self-respecting student these days would accept such a statement at face value. So we offer these observations instead:

1. No corporation will be able to "sell" itself to graduating seniors simply by a public-relations campaign. It must *demonstrate* a corporate public-mindedness. It is refreshing, though, to see businessmen grappling with the problem of attracting bright college grads on the basis of a shared commitment to humanitarian ideals rather than straight cash and the chance for individual advancement.

2. College students, for their part, hopefully will recognize that in order to bend history significantly, a person needs a vehicle, a wedge, a power base. And certainly a major corporation provides that.

3. It is immensely encouraging to see that today's students are searching for really basic values in their vocations. We of earlier generations, perhaps, remember too well the hard Depression years; sometimes we rate just plain security—particularly financial security—too high on our scale of values. Today's emerging young adults have, for the most part, known nothing but security. They want something more: values to live by.

4. Some of the same students who reject big business on principle also reject the church—again on principle. This is a profound indictment of that one institution of the world which, above all others, should embody authentic concern for and service to others. Why have they done this? Ask them and you'll probably hear some of the same arguments they use against big business: hypocrisy, conformity, lack of performance even regarding stated principles. And when so many idealistic young adults reject the church, we within it have a question of fundamental concern that can't be put off until tomorrow. For today's students are tomorrow talking.

—YOUR EDITORS

Is peaceful integration possible? This middle-class New York suburb thinks so. Neighbor-to-neighbor discussions, an active mayor's advisory board, group study, and determined efforts to maintain racial balance account for . . .

Teaneck's Success Story

By MARGARET F. DONALDSON

"I SUPPOSE you realize," said the woman, "that if you buy that house next door, your little boy will be the only white child his age on the block."

The attractive young blonde considered the statement briefly.

"To tell you the truth," she replied, "I hadn't really thought about it. But it shouldn't make much difference. I just like the neighborhood."

It will be a long time, of course, before all residents—and prospective residents—of Teaneck, N.J., are unconcerned about the color of their neighbors. But that is the goal of a group of forward-looking citizens whose efforts in this spirited community of 45,000 already have led to a degree of success in human relationships that might well be studied by other communities seared by intergroup hostility or open conflict.

Teaneck has exploded several myths:

Property values need not decline when Negroes move into a neighborhood.

The influx of Negroes does not necessarily result in a ghetto.

Social tensions are not the inevitable result of open housing.

A walk along any of the attractive hedge-lined streets of the area known as "the Northeast" quickly identifies it as a middle-class suburban community. Two women are carrying in groceries from cars parked in their driveways. Youngsters dart past on bicycles. A man is pruning rosebushes. Another is on a ladder painting window frames. The homes are of recent vintage, attractively decorated, in good repair.

A woman calls from a porch to a passerby, "Who's driving tonight?" Across the street, there is a squabble among four children over a basketball, and one yells, "It's *my* turn!"

You may not notice immediately that two of the children are Negro and two are white; that the woman on the porch is white, the passerby a Negro; that the man on the ladder is white, the rose pruner a Negro. Even if you do notice it, it is not important. The dominant impression is of a neighborhood of friendly people where it would be a pleasure to live.

But to suggest that Utopia has been achieved in Teaneck would be misleading. It's a long way from that. The struggle to maintain racial balance in this northeast section, and to attract Negroes to other higher-income white neighborhoods, continues.

Moreover, the years have left some scars—and other scars are in the making as progressive community leaders struggle to keep a large garden-type apartment house open to Negroes and still prevent a preponderance of white families from moving out.

A 15-Year Effort

Fifteen years ago, all the 500 or so houses in the northeast section were occupied by white families. When the first Negroes moved in, a group which welcomed the prospect of a biracial community sought to quell the panic which began to spread. It soon became evident that several real-estate brokers were attempting to turn the area into a Negro neighborhood,

and to confine newcomers there.

It was then that a group of white homeowners stepped in. Their concern was for a peaceful transition into an integrated community. The way they did it is the key to their success. They went calling. They sat down in living rooms and talked it over.

"When we heard that a white family was objecting to Negroes moving next door, we went to see them," explains Mrs. Stanley Lubow. "We tried to convince the white residents that this business of property values inevitably going down is nonsense. If people stay calm and hold on to their property, the values don't go down. They're more likely to go up."

In most cases, the friendly discussion worked. But Mrs. Lubow and her friends were faced with still another dilemma. They did not want a preponderance of Negroes any more than they wanted a totally "white" neighborhood. So they worked to interest white families in moving to the Northeast. Through word of mouth and newspaper advertising, the stabilization committee which Mrs. Lubow heads has found white buyers for about 20 homes.

One of these families is Mr. and Mrs. David Vogel and their four-year-old son, Robbie. They had moved from the Midwest to the borough of Queens in New York City, hoping to find a harmoniously integrated neighborhood. After a year in Queens, they knew that they must look further. They were attracted to Teaneck after hearing on television about Teaneck's efforts to achieve open housing.

When a real-estate salesman drove them through town, Mrs. Vogel spotted an attractive house for sale and asked to see it. The salesman refused to show it to her, assuring her that she would not want her family to live on "that" street.

The Vogels decided they *did* want to live there. They called the local television station for more information, and were put in touch with Mrs. Lubow. She took them to see the house. It was being sold by a Negro minister whose family needed larger quarters. The Vogels wanted the house.

It was one of Mrs. Vogel's prospective white neighbors who asked if she realized that Robbie would be the only white child his age on the block.

"My first thought was, 'Oh my goodness,'" Mrs. Vogel recalls. "I just hadn't thought about it at all. But if anyone said that to me now, I'd laugh. We've met so many wonderful people. We were anxious to live in a cosmopolitan neighborhood for Robbie's sake, but we never realized how much it would mean to us in other ways.

"We're so happy to know the Lubows. We never had a chance to have Jewish friends before."

"The Vogels invited us for Christmas dinner so our children could see their tree," Mrs. Lubow says.

"And we went to the Lubows for a fabulous Passover dinner," adds Mrs. Vogel. "We just can't say enough good things about Teaneck."

In spite of the schism which separates the old-timer from the newcomer in most suburban communities, Mrs. Vogel's observation is one which all Teaneck residents seem to share. They are proud of their town. Commuters to Manhattan like being within a half hour's ride of their offices.

No one depends on New York City for recreation or the cultural development of their children, though. While they don't underrate the big city's music, theater, and art attractions, the consensus is, who needs them? Teaneck has its own symphony orchestra and its own active fine arts committee.

It is not a particularly wealthy town as New York suburbs go; but community spirit binds residents together, even through the pulls and pains of a changing social order. They are proud of their schools, their parks and playgrounds, the colonial architecture of their public buildings.

They have reason to be proud of their form of government, too. Of the 70 communities in Bergen County, Teaneck is one of three with a city-manager form, which prohibits party politics in town elections. They elect their council-

More than 95 percent of Teaneck's attractive homes are single-family units, most of them built after World War II.

Visitors may not notice that some children are Negro and some white. The dominant impression is of a neighborhood of friendly people in which living would be pleasant.

men without party labels, and the successful councilmen then choose one of their number to be mayor.

Booklet Aids Work

A 16-page booklet entitled *Live in Teaneck—A Forward-Looking Town* was published by the fair-housing committee and the Northeast Community Organization, which partially accounts for the wide publicity received by the town's efforts at controlled integration. More than 10,000 copies were printed, thanks to financial contributions from interested residents and volunteer help from advertising and public-relations experts.

David B. Rogers, chairman of publicity for the fair-housing committee, has distributed it to similar committees and other interested groups as well as news media and magazines throughout the country. More than 100 inquiries have come from persons, many on the West Coast, whose interest has been aroused by this illustrated story of Teaneck's history, its schools, its cultural and recreational facilities, and the personal endorsement of many well-known residents, both white and Negro.

But "forward-looking town" is more than a hope; it is a fact. When Negroes began to move into Teaneck's Northeast area in the 1950s, Mayor Matthew Feldman, with an alert eye on the seismograph of public sentiment, appointed an advisory board on community relations "for the primary purpose of seeking to quiet the white people in that neighborhood."

Federal civil-rights legislation was not yet on the drawing board and there was no state law prohibiting discrimination in employment or housing. But Mayor Feldman and other community leaders saw the integration trends in education, employment, and housing, and wanted to encourage it in Teaneck. In Feldman's words, "they faced up to the probabilities" and prepared to meet the problem before it existed.

The mayor's original advisory group was composed of three Catholics, three Negroes, three Jews, and five Protestants. They organized block meetings in the Northeast for neighbor-to-neighbor discussions of what their reaction should be to a changing population. The committee also sponsored a workshop led by a community relations expert from New York University.

The spirit and attitude of the advisory board is exemplified by Frank W. Burr, its chairman, a vice-president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, and a resident of Teaneck for 23 years. He has gained a reputation as a tireless, tactful mediator with implacable convictions and objective judgment.

Teaneck Methodists are intimately aware of his unusual combination of skills. He is a trustee of the First Methodist Church and for 17 years has taught a church-school class of senior high-school students. When it comes to fertilizing religious beliefs through close contact with social problems, Mr. Burr considers a class of teen-agers "a cinch."

The social concerns his class discusses are not those gleaned from newspapers and books. They are those which exist in Teaneck. One of his most fruitful sessions was a study of "embryo prejudices" with Lamar Jones, a Negro member of the city's board of education, as guest.

As chairman of the World Service and Finance Commission of the Northern New Jersey Conference and a member of the bishop's Forward Planning Committee, he is well enough known and respected to exert a creative influence upon the solution of social problems in other churches and other denominations in Bergen County.

Four Steps to Stability

In 1961, under his direction, the mayor's advisory board agreed upon four methods of procedure:

1. *Take problems straight to the people.* Members organized cottage meetings and block meetings to discuss the changes which were taking place. They spoke before civic, social, and church groups and at PTA meetings. They conferred with the clergy council and the school board. They talked with newspaper editors—although it was agreed that their work should have no newspaper publicity.

2. *Put out the fires already burning.* They made their convictions clear to residents who wanted to flee the community as the Negro population increased. They tried to discourage real-estate brokers from attempting to induce white owners to sell.

3. *Take a public position.* There was plenty of controversy at that time which threatened to shake the roots of the community. In order to bring about integration of the schools, a process which the geographical location of most Negro families made difficult, a proposal had been made to turn Bryant School into a centralized sixth grade for the entire town. This lit fireworks—stemming partly from racial tensions, but more importantly from parents who did not want their children bussed to a distant school.

When a militant group threatened to boycott Bryant School, Chairman Burr wrote letters predicting that "the proposed action . . . will produce increased disunity

and tensions," and adding, "It is our hope, in this light, you will reconsider the action you have proposed." There was no boycott. Today the bussing of sixth-graders to Bryant is an accepted procedure.

Former Mayor Feldman calls Teaneck's success in integrating its schools without outside intervention from pressure groups "one of the town's greatest achievements."

The mayor's advisory board also distributed an ethical conduct code to civic and service organizations, asking that it be discussed, endorsed, and followed. The credo called for respect for the law; responsible, dignified leadership to the community as a whole; and free and open exchange of opinions.

4. *Help other communities with similar tensions.* Recognizing that adjacent communities share the same problems, advisory board members have extended advice and help, conferred with mayors and councilmen, and spoken to many civic organizations.

"If you achieve integration in only one community," says Frank Burr, "you are making only a limited start in meeting the need. It is not enough for integration to happen just in Teaneck. It has to happen in Bogota, Fairlawn, and Westwood, too, and throughout Bergen County. It has to happen throughout New Jersey."

Mr. Burr believes that integration can be permanently achieved only by changing people. When he addresses an audience he stresses the moral issue. He asks his hearers to answer specific questions.

"Imagine you are a Negro," he says. "What do you want? What should you have? Should you be required to earn it for yourself? How do you see your responsibility?"

Describing the work of the mayor's advisory board, Mr. Burr says:

"We are essentially peacemakers and educators. We are not militant; we try to understand and deal with those who are ignorant or fearful, with those who use tactics which we consider too forceful or aggressive.

"We want neighbors to accomplish harmonious development for themselves. We have tried to say, 'Let us think as a community.'"

This approach has succeeded in involving dozens of townspeople in meetings with clergymen, residents of the Northeast, Negro leaders, real-estate brokers, heads of civic and service clubs, school trustees, and members of the fair-housing committee.

Group Study: A Base

Twelve groups of mixed religion and color have held seminars of six to eight sessions, each using a guidebook on community relations prepared by New York University and distributed by Rutgers University (where two board members received training as group leaders). Mr. Burr estimates that these study courses, along with other seminars and various panel discussions, are reaching more than 1,200 persons each year.

Studying can throw light on a problem, but it does not necessarily blot it out. It takes pleasant social contact to do that—and Teaneck is experiencing that valuable development, too. Four "Friendship Days" have been held when more than 250 persons, white and Negro, have visited each other in their homes. This getting-to-know-you technique led to a community picnic which leaders agree did more to erase the color line than all 304 countywide workshops.

Although 16 churches and temples joined in support of the Friendship Days, integration is proceeding slowly in the churches themselves, largely because of the geographical concentration of Negroes in the Northeast. But most clergymen are wholeheartedly behind the integration effort.

When "For Sale" signs appeared on houses on either side of a new Negro resident in one of the higher priced neighborhoods, the efforts of advisory board members to change the white owners' minds were ineffective. Then someone asked the priest of the church they both attended to talk with them. He did. The next day the signs were down.

With its "quiet talk" tactics, the advisory board frequently does not see eye to eye with militant residents of the Northeast, whose pro-integration zeal some consider "an aggravation rather than an education."

For 10 months, the Northeasters worked for the passage of a town ordinance prohibiting real-estate salesmen from frightening white residents into putting their houses on the market. The ordinance was finally passed in May, 1966, and salesmen now are required to register their intentions with the town clerk when they plan to solicit a given street or neighborhood. They are prohibited from trying to induce a sale by claiming a neighborhood is facing adverse change because of the religion or color of persons moving in. Violators are subject to disciplinary action.

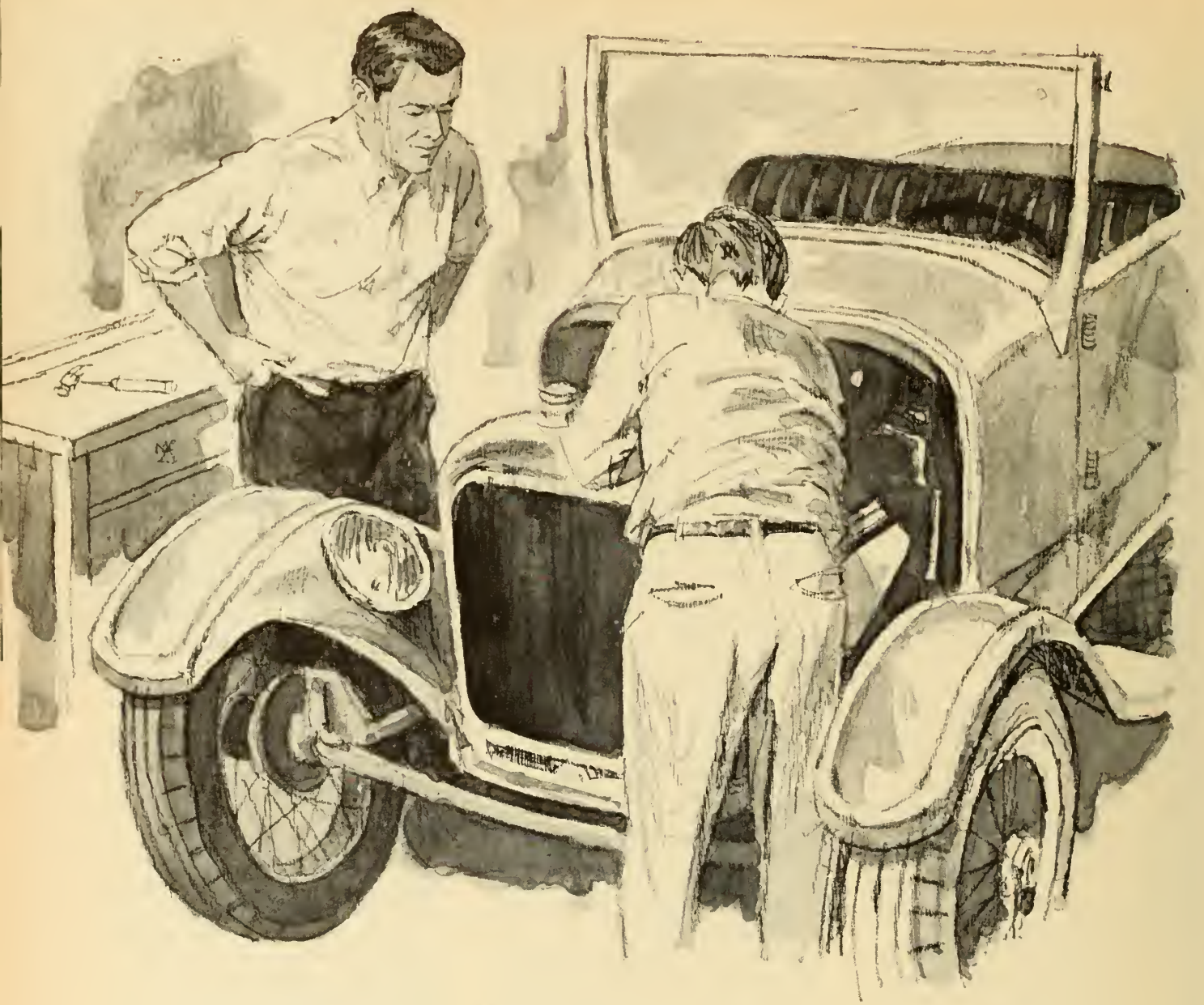
The ordinance was the subject of heated community debate before its adoption. It did not have the unanimous backing of the advisory board, some of whose members felt it exerted too stringent a control over a man's business. That point faces a court test at the present time. The real-estate firm of Alexander Summer, Inc., has brought suit against the town, claiming that the ordinance is unreasonable and that the town had no right to enact it since real-estate agents are licensed by the state.

This may be one case where the crusaders' methods have proved to be an aggravation, but residents of the Northeast believe their watchdog policy in the sale of homes is essential to maintaining a racially balanced neighborhood.

A fence in the Vogel's backyard speaks of the spirit of the Teaneck community. Years ago when the Negro minister lived in that house, a fence was installed by a white family whose house backed up to it. The colors of the occupants of the two houses have now been reversed and neither family knows why the fence was built.

One day, Mrs. Vogel recalls, the children poked a hole through it so they could play together. The two families discussed the fence, but decided to retain it for the normal privacy any neighbors might want. But the fence no longer is a barrier.

"The children made the first break in the fence," Mrs. Vogel recalls. "Now we've built a gate so grown-ups can go through, too." □



They spent hours over an auto-repair book and more hours struggling with the jalopy. Then I knew we had become a family.

By MARGUERETTE GILMORE

I Gave My Son a STEPFATHER

MY TEEN-AGE son, Bill, gave me away at the wedding. There was pride in his step as we walked down the aisle, and a new kind of happiness in his eyes.

But it was to be a long time before his dream of having a father was to come true. If Bill had been a small boy, or maybe a girl, or if Burn had had some experience with children, it might have been different, but plopping a 35-year-old bachelor-type into the midst of a teen-ager's life can be a major disaster to man and child.

I had not foreseen this. I had married Burn because I loved him, and it was not until we three were

a household that I recognized Burn and Bill would not automatically love each other as father and son. They were going to have to learn to love each other and I was going to have to help them. The helping is, of course, part of the life of every wife and mother, but with steprelations it is a heavier responsibility.

Both man and boy expected things that did not happen. Some of their expectations were impossible. Others had to come about gradually, and both Burn and Bill had to learn that love and respect can grow in spite of shortcomings.

Early in our marriage Burn instructed Bill to clean the house while I was gone.

"Look at that sloppy job," he told me sourly that night. "You'd think he could obey just once."

Yet Bill had done the cleaning in his own way, and he thought he had done a fair job. He had not been defying his stepfather.

Bill expected Burn to accept him and all his buddies like the other boys' fathers did.

"Burn doesn't like my friends," he exploded to me one day. Yet Burn was not being cold, he just did not know how to react to a totally new situation.

Jealousy flared on both sides. Bill would complain: "You don't have time for me." Burn would say: "My bride has so many other interests."

One day when I meted out punishment to Bill, he accused: "Now that you have Burn you don't need me!" Discipline, of course, could not be eliminated, but I realized I was going to have to handle it differently. From then on, when I grounded Bill, or gave him chore assignments for bad conduct, I tried to make sure he recognized that the punishment was for the purpose stated, not because I loved him any less.

If I neglected doing something for Burn, he would say significantly, "It all depends on who you're doing it for." So I had to learn to balance the attention I gave husband and son, never matching one against the other, even in the least important thing.

I tried to make myself sensitive to the kind things each said about the other or did for the other, and I made sure that these were noticed. The day came when Bill and a buddy could not get a motor scooter started. Burn loaded the boys and the scooter into his service truck and dropped them off at a garage. It was a simple thing, but when the boys came put-putting home, Bill exclaimed happily: "Weren't we lucky Burn and the truck were here?" I let Burn know he was appreciated.

If Bill gave Burn a shirt, I made sure he knew the right size, and the style and color his stepfather liked. Burn got the same counsel on his gifts to Bill.

Later, when Burn was in the hospital, Bill worried because his stepfather's shaving kit was worn out. "Those other fellows and the nurses must think we don't care about Burn to let him get along with that old kit," he told me. At Christmas he gave Burn a new kit, paid for from his own earnings.

BURN likes to fish, so occasionally I would talk Bill into leaving the hot-rod set to go with us. He thought fishing was pretty square at first, but in time he began to treasure his own rod and reel. Burn claimed proudly that this was the result of his influence.

I suggested that Bill and his friends ask Burn to join them occasionally, or give them advice or help. This began to make a difference on both sides. Sometimes we were the ones who got the advice.

One evening when Burn hurried in from work and suggested a movie, the boy visiting Bill informed us: "I wouldn't waste my money on that show." We stood there, deflated, as the two boys set down their Coke bottles and told us good-bye. As they went out the door, we heard the friend continuing to Bill: "No sir, I can't see that show. Why, do you know they don't rock around the clock once in the whole picture!"

Before I married Burn I had unconsciously dropped into a habit which working mothers often fall into, that of quibbling. Trying to be both mother and father to Bill, and working, too, I had not had time enough to be with him, and when we were together, I had eased discipline, often arguing instead of saying a simple yes or no.

Burn could not accept quibbling, and neither could I when I realized that was what I was doing. The habit had to go because the smallest argument between my son and me was something serious in my husband's eyes. He felt he should step in and arbitrate, and this built little quibbles into major issues. Also, since Burn usually took my side, Bill felt that Mother had gotten herself a strong ally and the world had turned against him.

As a matter of fact, although I learned to be more firm and definite, I had to make sure that Burn's discipline did not become so powerful that it overwhelmed our household. Teen-agers waver back and forth between childhood and adulthood, and parents have to know which level they are operating on at the moment. This understanding grows in the parent as the child grows, but a new stepparent is without this intuition and cannot acquire it suddenly. Helping here was the hardest, most frightening part of my go-between role.

There came the time, however, when I knew we had become a real family. I watched my husband and son spend hours over an auto repair book and more hours struggling with an old jalopy, emerging greasy and triumphant.

I shared their pride at the high-school track meet when Bill lost a shoe and still came in first. Burn was the loudest cheerer of all, acting as if it were his own victory, but Bill was prouder still, not because he had won but because he had known what it meant to be without a father to cheer for him. When Bill graduated from high school, there were tears in Burn's eyes, just as there were in mine. And when Bill went away to school, there were times when he would call especially for Burn—because only a father could answer his questions.

Through it all I learned that my marriage gave my son a stepfather but it took the combined living of all of us to give him a father. My own part was to tread softly, pray often, and develop the strength that comes with patience, understanding, and love. □

After an eventful life of missionary service, the widow of a Methodist bishop launched her own daring scheme to dent India's staggering problem of illiteracy. Now 86, she has seen her effort flower to improve all of life for Indian villagers.

She Lights the LAMP OF LEARNING

By JOHN E. FRAZER and JOHN REDDY

TRAILING a plume of dust and a rabble of raucous, bare-legged urchins, an American Jeep jounces into an Indian village and pulls up at a bazaar. The bazaar—a sort of Indian cross between an open-air supermarket and a carnival—is a riot of color and confusion. Merchants hawk brightly colored cloth or pottery. Myna birds chatter, cobras sway to the music of the snake charmer's flute.

Oblivious to all the hubbub, a handsome, energetic American woman in a gaily printed silk dress climbs out of the Jeep and sets up a folding card table and chair. A few villagers glance toward her.

Then two Indian assistants lift trunks filled with books out of the Jeep. As they set out the books, many of the Indians start drifting away from the bazaar stalls to ask Mrs. Welthy Fisher if they may borrow books from her unique mobile library. Others stand by, watching wistfully. They are India's illiterates who are unable to read—and there are millions of them in the land.

The American woman is Mrs. Welthy Fisher who, for the past 14 years, has devoted her life to fighting illiteracy, hunger, and disease in India. Moreover, she began her crusade at the age of 72 after a full and eventful life during which she had been a teacher in China, married a bishop, learned a half dozen languages including Mandarin and Hindi, written 10 books, and lectured and taught around the world. "If I do say so myself, I'm a bit of a hustler," she chuckles. Her hustle has, in fact, made her the world's "first lady of literacy."

Still as active and indefatigable as ever at 86, she travels constantly back and forth between India and the United States. As president of World Education, Inc.,[1] she works tirelessly to better the lot of India's poverty-stricken villagers. Her luxuriant hair is softly touched with gray, and she wears glasses for reading, but her energy is unflagging and her spirits high. "I've learned more than I've taught," she says, "and gained more than I've given."

Mrs. Fisher began her crusade in 1953 when, by all the actuarial tables, she should have been pruning rosebushes in a quiet garden. Her headquarters today is Literacy Village in Lucknow, a picturesque old city of 700,000 and the capital of Uttar Pradesh, India's most populous state. Over the years, thousands of Indians—from brilliant Ph.D.s to illiterate boys and girls—have completed the courses then gone out to India's mud-walled villages to show others how they can better their lives.

[1] *World Education, Inc., whose headquarters are at 667 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021, promotes literacy work abroad through sponsorship of research and demonstration efforts, and in the U.S. through conferences, seminars, and speakers. It carries on the work undertaken by Mrs. Fisher in 1953.*—EDITORS

Welthy Fisher's work in India is the culminating achievement of a woman who has been doing the unusual all her life. The youngest of nine children of a Rome, N.Y., iron-foundry owner, Welthy Honsinger grew up a beautiful and talented young woman. She graduated from the University of Syracuse and studied music in New York and Paris, planning a career in opera. While teaching school in New Jersey, to support her operatic studies, she happened to attend a Methodist missionary meeting at New York's Carnegie Hall. That meeting changed her life.

"It seemed to me as if the missionary was speaking straight at me," she recalls. Impulsively, she decided to become a missionary. Less than a year later, somewhat to her astonishment, she found herself, at 26, headmistress of the Methodist Bao Lin School for Young Chinese ladies at Nanchang, 600 miles up the Yangtze River from Shanghai. This was shortly after the Boxer Rebellion, to drive foreigners out of China, and British missionaries had been murdered at Nanchang a few months before.

Nevertheless, the youthful Miss Honsinger energetically set about her job of conducting the only school for girls in the province. She learned to speak Mandarin, and adopted Chinese customs. But she also modernized the school, adding high-school science and music

courses, and organizing an American-style glee club. She took in orphans, and even adopted one of them. On Christmas Day, she had her 100-odd students prepare a meal for Nanchang's poor derelicts.

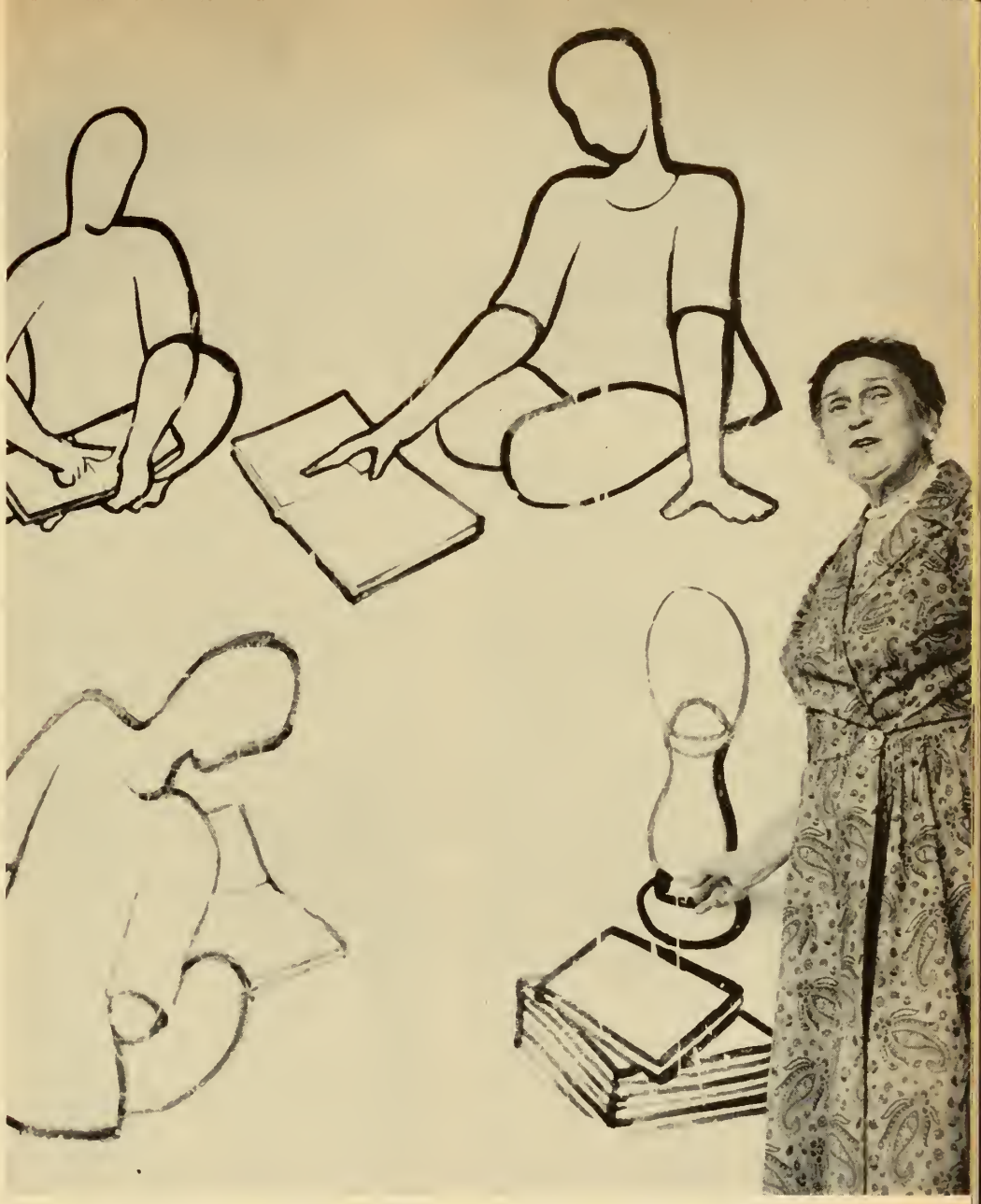
"Triumph and tragedy, comedy and calamity, but still the time flies," Welthy Honsinger wrote in her diary. One summer, 900 people a day died in Nanchang in a cholera epidemic. Political ferment was growing, and many prisoners were executed near the school. Through all the turmoil swirling around it, the Bao Lin School flourished, and its graduates began going off to college, some to faraway America. Then, one bitter cold night, fire completely destroyed the school. Rushing to the big school gong, Welthy sounded the alarm. Then she herded pupils and teachers to safety, groping through dense smoke to carry out her beloved orphans. Not a life was lost, but the school and everything in it were charred ruins. "We laughed and cried and prayed and then began to plan," Mrs. Fisher remembers. The plan took the form of Welthy returning to the United States to try to raise money to rebuild the school.

Togged out in borrowed clothes, she made 600 speeches over a period of 15 months, and raised enough money to build a new school consisting of four sturdy brick buildings. Pupils flocked back in greater numbers than ever.

World War I was raging in Europe. With the new school built, and her country entering the war, Welthy Honsinger decided her work in China was finished. "I like to get things done, see the results, and then try something else," she said.

Returning to America she joined the YWCA (Young Women's Christian Association) and was sent to France as a social worker at a munitions factory. After the war, she married Dr. Frederick Bohn Fisher, the handsome Methodist bishop of India and Burma whom she had met originally when raising money for the Bao Lin School.

Bishop and Mrs. Fisher lived a busy and rewarding life in India, where they became close friends of Gandhi. However, Dr. Fisher resigned his post because he believed that an Indian, rather than a foreigner, should preside over the conference. They returned to the United States, where he died in 1938.



Standing before a Literacy Village mural depicting the light shed by the lamp of learning, Mrs. Welthy Fisher acknowledges she is "a bit of a hustler." Around the world, she is recognized to be "the first lady of literacy."

Alone (although she still speaks of her husband as if he were in the next room), Welthy Fisher began groping to find a new purpose in life. She wrote two books and lectured widely on international understanding. Gradually, however, her thoughts turned more and more to India where she had spent happy years with her husband and where she had been so inspired by Gandhi. She remembered what Gandhi had told her just six weeks before he was assassinated: "When you come back to India, go to the villages and help them. India *is* the village."

The remembrance of Gandhi's words gave her a new sense of urgency. "My first reaction was that I was probably too old to help," she recalls. "Yet the more I thought about it, the more I felt I might be useful."

In 1952, Mrs. Fisher returned to India to see what she might do to aid the newly independent country. India's problems were appalling. It was overpopulated and periodically stricken by drought and famine. Of

the more than 360 million Indians, 82 percent were illiterate. Education, she could see, was the key to the overwhelming problems of overpopulation, famine, and other ills. But where to begin?

Then one day, out of a blue sky, came a telegram from Allahabad Agricultural Institute. Would Mrs. Fisher help launch a literacy training program? The institute was starting an experiment in 500 villages for the newly organized Community Development Project, a program aimed at introducing child care, sanitation, and modern farming in all of India's more than 550,000 villages.

Mrs. Fisher was delighted. Here was the opportunity to put to work her formidable energies and experience to help the poor villagers as Gandhi had hoped. It was a humble beginning. Her quarters consisted of a bungalow with cobras nesting under the nearby bamboo trees. Undaunted, she bought a mongoose as protection against the cobras, and prepared her program. So it was that on a morning in 1953, she stood before a class of 40 men and 3 women college graduates on the veranda of her bungalow. "We are here," she began, "to start something new in India."

MRS. FISHER designed a tin trunk that held 50 books and could be carried on the back of a bicycle. Later, she and her students made up "literacy kits" with blackboard, chalk, slates, basic books, primers, first readers, and a kerosene lamp (since most Indian villages have no electricity). With such a kit, one teacher could teach 25 villagers at a time.

At the outset, Mrs. Fisher encountered indifference and even hostility. Many of the villages, sunk in centuries of ignorance and superstition, resisted change. They were suspicious of the strange American lady who bounced into the village in a Jeep to tell them in fluent Hindi of the urgency of being able to read and write.

To convince them, she used a practical approach. "Do you know why the moneylender cheats you?" she would say. "Because you cannot figure. We can show you the moneylender's own system. Would you like to know what Nehru did today? Let us teach you to read, and you will know."

Gradually, apathy diminished, and Mrs. Fisher's teachers were warmly welcomed as they pedaled into a village to start classes. One day Mrs. Fisher watched one of her star teachers show a gaunt old man how to write his name. With chalk and slate, the man laboriously copied out the word "Rama." Then he pointed to it with a flourish. "That's me!" he exclaimed. "Once I was nobody. Now I am somebody!"

In 1956, Mrs. Fisher moved her headquarters from Allahabad to Lucknow. The Literacy Village complex has become a bustling 20-acre educational plant with offices, classrooms, hostels for 100 students, and living quarters for a staff of 50. In addition to private donations, channeled through World Education, Inc., financial support has come from foundations, CARE, and the U.S. government. Classes at Literacy Village range from a high-level, two to four-week course on the special problems of teaching illiterates, to a two-year course for less educated trainees who require further education before they themselves can teach.

Not far from Literacy Village is a typical Indian hamlet, Munshi Khera. About 500 people live here, the men mostly farmers or workers in Lucknow's clangorous railway shops. Water buffalo stand under riffling neem trees; a dhoti-clad farmer puffs on a hookah pipe; children play tag around a bullock cart. Life goes on as it has for centuries.

Yet, not quite. For in Munshi Khera, 15 young women, many of them mothers, gather for two hours in the afternoon to study Hindi and arithmetic. "Mira and her neighbor washed the house," the teacher from Literacy Village dictates. Neatly, on black slates, 15 markers write out the sentence. "This chases insects," the teacher says. Again the class records the words. And thus a new world is slowly opening for these women in saris and glass bangles.

At night it is the men's turn, and this time the "classroom" may be a backyard lit by a single, unshaded electric light. Sitting cross-legged, or kneeling on strips of homespun cloth laid on the hard earth, are 25 males aged 14 to 45. All day they have worked in Munshi Khera as house servants, lathemen, or fishmongers. Now, for three hours, they intently copy sentences chalked on a portable blackboard, ignoring the stifling heat. Two years before, scarcely a man here could even print the letters of his name. Now all can read, write, and figure. Programs like this now have been established in many villages within a 100-mile radius of Lucknow.

IN RECENT years, thousands of Literacy Village grads have scattered over north India, from hill villages brushed with apricot blossoms to dusty farmlands scoured by drought to dreary city tenements. Some go as primary-school teachers and also to organize night-school classes for adults. Others pedal out on their bicycles with books for the newly literate. One trainee stayed for three years in one village, saw that roads and latrines were built, and persuaded a contractor to donate cement, lime, and sand for a community hall. "We don't want only to educate the villagers," Mrs. Fisher says. "We want them to put that education to work at bettering their lives."

Literacy Village has inspired educators in underdeveloped nations around the world. Groups have come from Nepal, Iran, Iraq, Sarawak, Afghanistan, Uganda, the Philippines, and Mali to study its methods. When the Dalai Lama and his followers were driven out of Tibet by the Red Chinese, Literacy Village was asked to train four well-educated Tibetans in the techniques of literacy education. After a four-week course at Lucknow, the Tibetans began classes for the refugees. More than 500 of these adults have now learned Hindi and other subjects, and scores of these have gone on to Literacy Village for teacher training.

When Mrs. Fisher was awarded the Ramon Magsaysay Award by

the Philippines for her "unstinting commitment to the cause of literacy" in Asia, she used the $10,000 prize money to start a Young Farmers Institute on 75 acres of land 13 miles from Literacy Village.

Here illiterate young men are taught modern scientific farming as well as the "three *R*s." Grizzled village chiefs watch in wonderment as the students work with seed sowers and chemical fertilizers after mornings in the classroom. "India's recent crop failures have made the institute work all the more urgent," Mrs. Fisher says, and hopes to expand it as funds become available.

Another innovation is Mrs. Fisher's puppet theater, which draws enthusiastic crowds wherever it plays. For centuries, Indian puppets have acted out stories of princes and gods. Mrs. Fisher asked American puppeteers Bil and Cora Baird, who were in India on a State Department program, to retrain her puppeteers to tell stories illustrating such points as the necessity of being inoculated against cholera, and the folly of a father's going into debt to give his daughter an elaborate wedding.

In another show based on a true story, a woman receives a telegram. Unable to read, she assumes that the telegram says her son is dead. She goes into mourning and weeps for days. Then a friend comes who can read the telegram —and tells her that her son is alive and all right, and is announcing that he has made his mother a grandmother. The audience howls with glee—and even if its members cannot read or write, they get the point.

"We are in touch with 150 villages a week through our teachers, our newspaper, our mobile libraries, and our puppet shows," Mrs. Fisher says. "Yet there are more than 550,000 villages in India. We have educated 2 million illiterates, but there are many millions more. Each step forward shows how long the road is."

However long the road, Welthy Fisher still toils unceasingly and cheerfully, proud of what has been accomplished and certain that her work will continue to grow. □

'Don't GULP Life'

"HOW CAN you make one little piece of candy last so long?" I asked my father-in-law as I rummaged greedily in the box of chocolates for my third piece. He was still on his first coconut cream.

"I don't gulp life as you do, my dear," he said gently. "I can make a little sweet go a long way."

For years he had watched me dash headlong at tomorrow before digesting today.

The more I thought about it, the more I realized here was one reason for the nervous haste, the impatience, the trigger temper, even the boredom from which so many suffer. Who can blame us for gulping life too eagerly? Never has so rich and varied a fare been offered as that which tempts Americans today. It all tends to make us place value on quantity, not quality. Surely, I thought, there must be a few individuals who know the art of tasting, not gulping, life's riches.

My father-in-law (the first to jolt me into an awareness of my own impetuous greed) is a fine example of a man happy with simple joys. Almost blind, he has tuned his other senses to a more delicate pitch. Taste, for one, and hearing. One of his delights is to spend a summer afternoon in the woods. By remaining completely still, he convinces the shy little forest animals of his good intentions. Inquisitive chipmunks, birds, and squirrels explore his lap and "talk" to him.

Another example was provided by an invalid friend who has been confined to his room for years. Instead of my brightening his day, he illumined mine with the remark, "You know, I think no one understands and loves the change of seasons better than I. I watch the wheel of spring, summer, autumn, and winter turn in my own double-window frame. The corner maple tree, the dogwood in the next yard, the glimpse of the pond—they are my own special showing of nature's ever unfolding drama."

But the one most adept at enjoying life in sips instead of gulps was a four-year-old boy living under my own roof. On the beach he could spend an entire morning contentedly filling his pail with wet sand, then dumping it in a wobbly row of "houses." The fact that the tide inexorably would take his sand city out to sea distracted him not at all from his pleasure.

Must we, then, be old, or cripples, or children to enjoy life fully? No. The answer is not limitation but discrimination; not deprivation but selection.

For one thing, it is a good idea to do less. Unpack your frantic schedule and leave some things out. It will be like going on a journey with less baggage. It will give a delicious sense of freedom, a very real freedom from slavery to that taskmaster, the clock.

Time's tension lessened, the surest way of selecting from life's abundance and enjoying every morsel is to enjoy what you have. Your present age, for one thing—not 10 years ago, which seems such a carefree, blessed time in retrospect; nor 10 years ahead, when you hope to be richer and less weighted with responsibility.

The same is true of other possessions of the moment. Take time to enjoy the riches of every day.

The golden key to loving every minute of a life sipped with delight is to keep your faith in mysteries. Every child possesses this "open sesame" to joy; a few lucky (or is the word wise?) adults have it.

Life's choicest secrets are divulged only to those who pause to marvel, to question, and to select. This requires the combined wisdom of a sage and of a little child. But it is a wisdom which all who cease to gulp life may attain. Such connoisseurs of the good life will (with Shakespeare) have no difficulty finding ". . . tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." —HELEN REEDER CROSS

UNUSUAL Methodists

AMOS JOE ALTER
His interest: Flowing water in a frozen land.

CARMEN GUADALUPE CABRERO
Deaconess with a fencing foil.

SUMMER officially begins on June 21 in the northern hemisphere, but winter is always with Amos Joe Alter, chief sanitary engineer of the Alaska Department of Health and Welfare. As chief, Mr. Alter must deal with some of Alaska's special problems including distribution of pure water and disposal of wastes. Pipes cannot be buried deep enough to avoid the layer of permanently frozen ground, as much as 1,200 feet thick, that lies just beneath the surface.

A system developed by Mr. Alter utilizes waste heat from some such source as a power generating plant to warm the water supply at its source. Then, at each user's tap, a specially designed service connection and a double system of pipes keep the water circulating between street main and house.

Active at Juneau Methodist Church with his wife and two teen-age daughters (two sons are college students in "the lower 48"), Mr. Alter was the first layman to head the Alaska Council of Churches. □

AS A prospective Methodist deaconess, Carmen Cabrero brings a diverse combination of skills. She speaks both Spanish and English; she has experience as a medical lab technician and as a social worker in New York and Appalachia; and, as a former top athlete in her native Cuba, she retains an unusual sports talent—fencing. When she completes studies at the University of Kansas for a master's degree in social work, she seems a clear choice to serve at a community center in a Spanish-speaking area.

Carmen was 15 when she took up fencing. Two years later she was named Cuba's most distinguished fencer. In 1955 she entered the World's Fencing Championship in Rome, winning the first round, tying the second, then losing the tie breaker. A back ailment forced her to lay down her foil in 1957, but she resumed practicing in 1964 and now is eager to compete again. "Fencing gives me confidence, physical resistance, and discipline," she explains. □

KENNETH P. STEVENS, JR.
His first pulpit: Upended apple crates.

IT WAS Easter Sunday, 1952. The radio operator aboard the Sun Oil Company tankship put on his suit, a white shirt, and tie. He upended two apple crates, stood behind them, and asked the ship's messboy to ring the dinner bell. About 30 seamen appeared—some thought to eat. Others knew that Kenneth P. Stevens, Jr., was going to conduct a worship service, something he had never done before. "It seemed urgent to me that day to go ahead," says Ken. So he preached his first sermon.

Now 40 and the ordained pastor of Zion Methodist Church in Clarksboro, N.J., Mr. Stevens has not lost his concern for the crews who man the tankships. Every summer that he can manage scheduling problems, he leaves his wife Bertha and their four children to spend his vacation time aboard a Sun Oil tanker, working again as a radio operator and, not incidentally, being a pastor to the crew. In three weeks last summer, he made two trips between the Gulf and East Coasts aboard the S.S. *Western Sun.*

Ken's acceptance by his shipmates comes easily. He was a merchant seaman five years before he decided to enter the ministry, and he used his radio-operator skills to put himself through college and seminary. Of his vacation ministry, Ken says, "The most important aspect is the unique opportunity to help seamen who may need and want advice only a minister can give." □

NEVIN MORRIS SUMMERS, JR.
Eight hours a day with the fiddler crab.

TEN YEARS ago Nevin Morris Summers, Jr., had a small-boy fascination for the sea creatures which Atlantic tides swept onto the beach near his Jacksonville, Fla., home. The fascination never left him; it just became specialized. By the time he entered high school, Nevin was becoming an expert on the fiddler crab, systematically studying its life cycle —and each year winning a new award for his careful and thorough research efforts.

Now 17 and a senior, Nevin capped his earlier achievements this spring when he won first place (among 23,000 entrants) and a $7,500 scholarship in the Westinghouse Science Talent Search. His highly sophisticated project, "Biochemistry of Fiddler Crab Cuticle Hardening," traced the hardening process of the crab's shell to an enzyme Nevin found in its blood stream. To complete the project he spent eight hours a day in experiments, some of that time preceded by a seven-mile trip to a laboratory—at 5:30 each morning.

A member of Arlington Methodist Church, the young scientist plans to use his scholarship at Emory University this fall—in biochemistry, of course. □

Author, editor, publisher, and indefatigable searcher after knowledge, John Wesley carried on a constant crusade against ignorance and illiteracy.

He Taught Methodists to Reade

By MELVIN G. WILLIAMS

Illustration Copyright, 1951, by Pierce and Smith.

JOHN WESLEY's continual quest for knowledge, both for himself and for his followers, was infuriating to his detractors.

It was not easy to label as a "fanatick" a man who could quote the New Testament in the original language, whose own original literary productions numbered well above 200, and who continually exhorted his preachers and converts to read. As one observer pointed out: "Even as the taunt of ignorance was being thrown at his preachers, Wesley filled their saddlebags with books."

Significantly, Wesley was not satisfied just to demand that Methodists devote a regular part of their lives to reading. He set them an example and put books within easy reach.

Traveling year after year across the English countryside by horseback, he rode with a slack rein in one hand and a book in the other. When, at the age of 70, he finally agreed to use a carriage, he had bookshelves installed along its sides. Moreover, so his "assistants" could follow his example, he promised to "give each of you, as fast as you will read them, books to the value of five pounds."

Yet he did not stop even there. He became an author, editor, and publisher. Primarily for his preachers' benefit he undertook the task of compiling a 50-volume *A Christian Library* of the great masterpieces of popular and devotional literature. He expected the preach-

The young John Wesley learned his own letters at his mother's knee. Painting by Lynd Ward.

ers to spend "at least 5 hours in 24" studying his selections or something else equally worthwhile.

Why did Wesley, busy man that he was, take such a job on himself when other texts were available? Apparently for two reasons: his editions were abridged for economy, and they were simplified for efficiency. "My purpose was to select whatever I had seen most valuable in the English language," he explained, "and either abridge or take the whole tracts, only a little corrected or explained as occasion should require."

BOOKS were expensive in Georgian England, usually far out of reach of the distressingly poor folk to whom Wesley ministered. And Wesley reasoned that there was no point in wasting time on nonessentials or indecision about which books would be the most valuable. Thus, he made it a rule of the Methodist Conference that no preacher should print anything of his own until Wesley himself had "corrected" it.

Wesley's comments on his own style—"flat and plain without any preface or ceremony"—offer a good explanation for his treatment of the work of others.

"What is it that constitutes a good style?" he asked. And he answered back: "Perspicuity, purity, propriety, strength, and easiness joined together." Further: "We should constantly use the most common, little, easy words (so they are pure and proper) . . ." He pointed out that not only could simple people comprehend them but "there is a dignity in this simplicity, which is not disagreeable to those of the highest rank."

In addition to editing the works of others, Wesley was a prolific writer of original books and pamphlets; and, by early 1778, he also was the editor of a new monthly titled *The Arminian Magazine*, which recorded and encouraged the continuing spread of the Evangelical Revival. One of his many successful ventures, the magazine had reached an annual circulation of about 7,000 by the time of his death, and it continues to be published in London as *The Methodist Magazine*—the world's oldest continuously published magazine.

Wesley's ministers were urged not only to read for themselves but also to "preach expressly on education" and to be "book stewards" wherever they went—"else you are not called to be a Methodist preacher." "You remember the rule of the Conference," Wesley wrote, "that every assistant should take my books into his own hands, as having better opportunities of dispersing them than any private person can possibly have. I desire you would do this without delay."

Minds as well as souls thus were an important concern of early Methodism, and it flourished as even its most humble members were taught to be preachers and class leaders. Wesley was no democrat, but he was a firm believer in the liberalizing value of education. "Reading Christians," he maintained, "will be knowing Christians."

Religious literature and the Bible itself lay at the center of his crusade for popular education. But once the desire to read had been cultivated, it was an easy and obvious step to move on to secular works as well. In fact, one would complete quite a thorough liberal arts course if he were to read nothing but the products of Wesley's own pen: an English-language dictionary, several histories, a book of logic, an abridgment of a popular novel, a commentary on the New Testament, and much more. Clearly, few subjects escaped his attention.

Poetry especially interested him, not only in hymns, where it was an ally of Christian doctrine, but in wider cultural areas as well. In 1744, he edited *A Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems* which included works by Milton, Dryden, and Pope, plus selections from Dyer, Herbert, Young, and others.

It would be noteworthy even today for a man to promote literacy and the book trade as effectively as did Wesley, but it was especially noteworthy during the 18th century with its inadequate opportunities for education. A vital literary culture was thriving, and great artists like Congreve, Pope, Swift, and Johnson were known to many middle and upper-class readers; but a tight class structure walled this off from most of Wesley's poor flock.

Millions of people could not read or write. Dame schools [home schools where a woman taught small children rudiments of reading, writing] were available for some, but they were of questionable value and often served only as a sort of day nursery. Public schools (Americans would call them private schools) enrolled others; but for most Methodists, these were both too expensive and too worldly.

"Would you your son should be a sot or dunce, lascivious, headstrong; or all these at once?" asked poet and hymn-writer William Cowper. "Send him to a public school then."

In Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, Parson Adams decries the influence of the schools as "the cause of all the misfortunes" of another of the characters in the novel. "Public schools are the nurseries of all vice and immorality," he continued. "All the wicked fellows whom I remember at the university were bred at them."

STILL other critics objected to schools because they destroyed the intimacy between a boy and his parents and, in time, undermined his respect for his father and his values. "It would be better for them to have been without their knowledge," Wesley declared, "than to have bought it at so dear a price."

There was criticism and opposition to Wesley's efforts, too. One antagonist complained that his abridgments were "garbled" and "mutilated." Others accused him of every blunder from misrepresentation to plagiarism. Yet sometimes he could turn criticism to his profit. Once when a doctor condemned his *Primitive Physick* as quackery, Wesley's letter of reply retorted: "My bookseller informs me that since you published your remarks on the *Primitive Physick, or an Easy and Natural Method of Curing Most Diseases*, there has been a greater demand for it than ever. If therefore you would please to publish a few farther remarks you

would confer a farther favor upon your humble servant . . ."

It should be no surprise that a man with such a dedicated sales force and ready-made readership should make a fortune from his publications. The sale of just one of his books, *Primitive Physick,* is said to have brought him over 30,000 pounds. And profits from *A Concise History of England* were over 200 pounds. Other books did less well, to be sure. *A Christian Library* was among the slow sellers, and there is no proof that it ever showed any profit at all.

But getting rich was not Wesley's aim, as he himself made very clear. In the preface to his *The Complete English Dictionary,* published in 1753, he assured his readers that "as incredible as it may appear, I must avow that this Dictionary is not published to get money." He went on with characteristic forthrightness: "This little Dictionary is not only the shortest and the cheapest, but likewise, by many degrees, the most correct which is extant at this day."

Efficient scholarship was his goal, not fame or high finances.

On the other hand, he was not unwilling to accept reward for his labors. When his political pamphlet of 1775, *A Calm Address to Our American Colonies,* pleased the Tory government, he was delighted to accept "50 pounds from the privy purse to appropriate as you may deem proper."

The fact that he had a mere 18 pence and six silver teaspoons to his name when he died supports his own assertions. During his life he gave away more pounds than most men ever earned. Much of this money was plowed back into education—in the Sunday schools, in night schools for adults, and in numberless free copies of his books for those who could not afford to buy them.

Because Wesley's work was directed at the poor, the majority of those to whom he ministered had little if any education beyond what they received in Methodist schools and through the influence of Wesley's own publications. But this influence was considerable. "As the Methodists do not waste their time in idleness and diversions," bookseller James Lackington explained, "they have more time to read than others . . . So that the difference in degree of knowledge between the poor Methodists and the poor in general is remarkable."

It is no wonder, then, that Wesley has been called the "best gatherer and scatterer of useful knowledge" in the 18th century. He not only created a taste for good reading where there had been only dull illiteracy, he also made reading available at the lowest prices.

Of his own efforts, he said modestly that they were simply "a little attempt, such as I could consistently with abundance of other employment." But history has a stronger verdict: truly, he taught Methodists to read. □

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

A young child attending church noticed the service flag was displayed that morning. She asked her mother what it meant, and was told that it honored those who had died in the service.

After a long pause, she inquired, "The nine-thirty service or the eleven o'clock service?"

—THE REV. LEL TRUMAN, *Alhambra, Calif.*

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Returning from church, the little lady said to her friend, "The minister kept talking about the Epistles this morning. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I don't know what the Epistles are."

"Oh, my dear, your ignorance is so refreshing," laughed her companion. "I thought that everyone knew that the epistles are the wives of the apostles!"

—RUTH K. HANSON, *Harvey, Ill.*

•

Five-year-old June was enthusiastically relating the events of her day at vacation church school.

"Can you repeat the daily Bible verse?" her mother asked.

"Oh, yes!" answered June. "I even remember the zip code!"

"Zip code?"

"Yes," June said. "You know —Luke 19:10!"

—KATHERINE BARTOW, *Cushing, Okla.*

•

On Mother's Day, I asked my class of kindergarten youngsters, "Why do we do something special for our mothers today?"

One little fellow waved his arm excitedly and offered this answer:

"We give them presents to make them feel kind and loving for a while."

—JANET MIDDLEMISS, *Golden, Colo.*

•

My son always waits when he is ready for bed for me to come in and hear his prayers. He had had a very tiring day, and this night I found him already under the covers and almost asleep. He blinked at me sleepily and smiled.

"I'm so tired, Mom," he murmured drowsily, "that I'm going to take a chance tonight."

—MRS. REX CAMPBELL, *Cainsville, Mo.*

•

The family was gathered for its worship hour. Small George listened intently as his father read of the storms, high waves, strong winds, shipwreck, wild beasts, and a poisonous snake which had plagued the apostle Paul.

When George's turn came to pray, he voiced his customary "God bless Daddy and Mommie," "Help me to be a good boy," and other childlike petitions. He concluded by imploring, "And God, *please* get Paul out of that mess."

—GRACE C. TURNER, *Colorado Springs, Colo.*

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TOGETHER *pays $5 for each church-related joke it accepts for publication. Do you have one you'd like to submit? Send it along, but no postage, please; rejected contributions cannot be returned.*—EDS.

WILL THE REAL PROPHET STAND UP?

By EMERSON ABTS, Pastor
Wesley Chapel Methodist Church
Cincinnati, Ohio

HAPPILY, THE GREAT religions are becoming less exclusive. Thanks largely to Pope John XXIII, who wanted "to let in a little fresh air," Roman Catholics and Protestants are beginning to get acquainted, and we are finding that we like each other better than we had thought.

Not many months ago a prayer vigil was held in my church. Participants included a rabbi, a priest, and a band of happy nuns, complete with guitars and folk songs. I am glad to abandon some old sermons on the "dangers of Romanism" in the warm light of this new friendship.

And some Catholics are just as happy to admit that Protestants may be other than doomed heretics.

This is not to say that there is complete unity within the Christian church, for basic disagreements remain. The trouble is that our prophets can't seem to get together. If a prophet truly speaks for God (and if God is not schizoid), then some of our prophets are false.

Conflicting Prophecies

One prophet tells us these days that America should not be fighting a war in Viet Nam, that we should de-escalate as soon as possible, sue for peace, and get out. Another, equally sincere, insists that our course in Asia is the right course, except that we ought to drop more bombs and send more troops. Both men claim to speak for the Lord, yet both cannot be right.

Will the real prophet please stand up?

On another issue, two prophets speak concerning civil rights. One man denounces the Negro revolution in the name of the Lord. He believes it is God's will that the black man be "kept in his place"—a place far below the white man's. The races should be kept separate, he says, and there should be no mingling lest there be intermarriage. He attempts to document everything he says with bits and snippets of Scripture.

Then there is his counterpart who believes and says that all men of whatever color belong to God, and all men are our brothers. This prophet speaks early and often about our duty as regards open housing and an open church. And he makes many people angry.

Alas, the greatest number of our prophets seem mute. They will not speak in controversy on one side or another; they fear to offend. Their song is "Come weal or come woe, my status is quo."

Some prophets today are neither of or in the church. God seems to be raising up spokesmen who would not be caught dead in the institutions of organized religion. This is as it should be. Whenever his people reject him, God raises up another people. The "good" folks usually despise the real prophet, for he says they are not good enough: "Woe unto you . . . hypocrites!"

This is our dilemma. God has many *messages* for his people, but there are so many self-appointed *messengers* that his orders become confused, contradictory, and often are lost.

A Prophet and His Orders

There is a little-known story found in the Old Testament's First Book of Kings. It is part of a larger story about the rebel King Jeroboam, who split the kingdom of Israel and formed what came to be called the Northern Kingdom, centered at Bethel. His political deed was regarded as far less horrible than his religious acts. He had dared to set up his own sacred

city, his own sacred symbols, and his own nationalistic religion, all in opposition to the true dwelling of God, the holy city of Jerusalem.

Accordingly, the Lord sent a prophet from Judah, the Southern Kingdom, to denounce Jeroboam and his false religion. Now a prophet is not simply a predictor with a crystal ball. In the biblical sense, he is always a spokesman for God. So this prophet waited until Jeroboam the king, acting in his self-appointed role as priest, was standing beside his false altar, offering incense. Then the prophet "cried against the altar." When Jeroboam raised his hand to order the man's arrest, the king-priest's hand withered and the altar collapsed.

What a validation of prophecy! What fun it would be for a preacher to inveigh against contemporary sins and find that his words moved mountains, or pavement, or even people!

God had warned his nameless prophet not to loiter, to do his denouncing, and come back home to Judah. Accordingly, when Jeroboam begged him to pray for restoration of his withered hand, he did. But he would not remain with the king nor accept a gift from him. "If you give me half your house, I will not go in with you," he said, and headed for home.

A local prophet, who lived nearby in Bethel, rode out to meet the visiting prophet when he heard what he had done. We cannot be sure of the motives of the local man. He may have felt some revelation ordering him to do what he did, or he may have been human enough to resent a foreigner coming into his territory. He told the visitor: "I also am a prophet . . . and an angel spoke to me, . . . saying, 'Bring him back with you . . .'" But the local man lied.

The first prophet went home with the man from Bethel and was denounced by his host for being disobedient to the word of the Lord. Then, when the guest departed, he was slain by a lion. His erstwhile host found the body and buried it, grieving.

In that far-off day, one did not lightly disobey the direct commands of God. And no matter what merit the prophet from Judah had, no matter how great his courage or how many his past good deeds—by believing the word of a mortal, he committed sin, and he paid with his life.

Marks of a Real Prophet

But this is a new day. Few of us obey anybody's voice blindly and implicitly. If we receive orders, we want to know the source and the reason. This is as it should be, I think. The Old Testament story seems quaint to us, and it is a little incredible that anyone should be expected to be so obedient.

Yet, I suspect there are times when we grow weary of the persuasive voices of men. All around are those who purport to speak "with tongues of angels." Whom can we believe? Will the real prophet stand up?

I propose three clues which, by no means exhaustive, might be suggestive. Try these tests on the next opinion-giver you hear:

1. Does what he says contradict what is commonly believed? Then it may well be true. The world is full of argument-stopping statements that seem never to be questioned. I suggest that they should be questioned, and some of them denied. "You can't stop progress," we hear. Sometime when you hear that, reply, "Why not?" Then get your confused cliché-bearer to define precisely what he means by progress.

It is often stated as a universal truth what Jesus said in context: "There shall be wars and rumors of wars." Deny it! Accept the rumor part of it, if you must, for that's what keeps the Pentagon alive. But then shock your auditor by saying that this is one saying of Jesus which you just don't believe. Jesus, in this remark was saying simply that war would not be the means of announcing the end of the world. "Wars and rumors of wars; . . . but the end is not yet." Look it up.

Again, Jesus is quoted: "The poor ye shall always have with you . . ." Deny it! Look it up. Set it in context, and rob your arguer of his ammunition. Alas, this world is old and tired, and made so by tired old sayings so moss covered that they are too often mistaken for truth.

2. A second test for truth is prophecy. How will it read a century hence, in a history? Would that some power could give us the ability to back away from the trees a bit and see the forest! How will the 1950s and McCarthyism read in the 21st century? Indeed, how do the '50s seem to us even now? Will our grandchildren believe, decades from now, that we actually fought about whether a man has the right to live or work or worship where he chooses? Or that in the name of freedom and peace we waged war?

This is not to say that all the answers to all our controversies are obvious, by any means. It is to suggest that we should try to stand outside ourselves from time to time and take a longer look at what surely must and should come to pass. How will it read in a history book?

3. Finally, I suggest as a test for truth: Does it make for kindness, gentleness, helpfulness, love? I believe in the Ten Commandments. I believe even more in a distillation of the ten into two, and the second is like the first. "Thou shalt love . . . God; thou shalt love thy neighbor. . . ." For me the whole of ethics, the sum of wisdom, is in the commandment of love. "Love, and do as you please," said the great St. Augustine. Love is God's word to man and love is the message of the prophet who is God's spokesman.

So love. And if you cannot love while you do the deed, abandon the deed. Love is patient and kind; love also worrieth a little bit; once in a while love also spanketh. But love is gentle and good. It is the only way really to live. Test your prophet. Is he mouthing old sayings? Is he speaking to the moment but not the century? Is he speaking gently, and in love?

I am a Christian. I offer you now no new Christology; I speak simply of Jesus the Prophet (so named by rabbi as well as priest and parson). Jesus stood up, and Jesus stands, and if my words make any sense in this day, it is supremely because they echo the words Jesus the Prophet said long ago. The real prophet has stood up. □

what do they do on sunday?

SUNDAY AS IT used to be is no more. Millions do keep the Sabbath by attending church services. But even for many of them, divine worship is no longer the center of things. Increasingly, this most basic and renewing of all celebrations is simply an option among countless secular festivals—at the pool, the park, the stadium, the patio.

For churchmen, this creates two areas of deep concern. First, and most obvious, is declining church attendance. But equally disturbing is the fact that millions of Americans—including many faithful churchgoers—feel enslaved by their free time. For many, Sunday is not a day of rest but of restlessness; a day empty of one week and not yet filled with the work of the next.

Activity—such as the varied summer-Sunday pursuits in just one city, Milwaukee, pictured on these pages—is an answer for some. But humans are strangely capable of finding boredom in busyness, and, in contrast, of finding fulfillment in doing absolutely nothing. Where does your use of leisure fit on this scale?

Pictures on pages 33 through 40 copyright 1966 by *The Milwaukee Journal*

Sunday worship is over. Sunday school is out. Now to enjoy: everybody into the pool!

what do they do on sunday?

SPARE TIME ON Sunday is but a part of the larger leisure picture. For better or for worse, the new age of leisure has dawned. Work time, un-Sanforized, is shrinking. Weekends, holidays, and vacations are expanding. Never before have so many Americans had so much free time on their hands.

A century ago, the workingman spent 70 hours a week on the job and lived 40 years. Now he works 40 hours (or less) a week and lives 70 years. This adds 22 more years of leisure to his life. In previous civilizations, the man at the top had all the spare time. Now, ironically, the masses—including those most ill-equipped to use it—have the leisure. The wealthy, the elite, the highly educated seem to be working longer and harder than ever before.

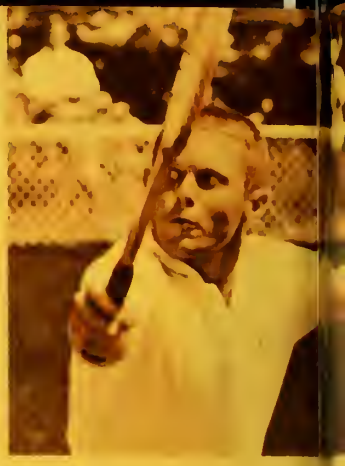
Some social scientists foresee that, before this century ends, 2 percent of the population could produce all the consumer products needed by the remaining 98 percent. Already, we ration work. Certain kinds of jobs are being eliminated so fast by automation and cybernation that there are proposals to pay all citizens a guaranteed annual wage—even if they don't work.

Traditionally, the problem has been how to get more leisure. Now, with a surplus of spare time at hand, the big question is: Can we cope with it?

"Where's all this leisure everybody keeps talking about?" many ask. "Sure, we have labor-saving devices. But we're still busier than ever." The observation is honest but ignores the fact that we crowd the free hours of our lives by choice. We overpack our schedules with what we want—or think we ought—to do. It may be Sunday-afternoon with the children at the zoo, or flirting with culture and the arts, or "playing war" with the local reserve unit, or bringing a religious zeal to any one of a hundred 20th-century hobbies.

what do they do on sunday?

Crowds are impressive, but for millions of Americans the spectator role is inferior. Sunday finds them eagerly pursuing competitive recreation—from lunging for a hard serve at the tennis court to plunging through the open sky and pulling the rip cord of a parachute.



LEISURE threatens. Into the vacuum of hollow men rush the demons of boredom, confusion, guilt, and haunting self-alienation. We evade and deny God. Cornered by anxiety, we cop out in a world of feverish activity, commit spiritual suicide through idleness, or hunt more work to justify our existence. *Don't just stand there: get busy!* Enter no empty house, walk no silent wood, comb no deserted beach. Leave the terror of quiet contemplation to poets and madmen. Hide in the crowd. Grin.

Schooled to be go-getters and now smothered in spare time, we stand in peril. The puritanical Protestant ethic has so glorified labor that we find it painful to live with leisure. We're hung up on old images: sloth—one of the seven deadly sins . . . an idle mind—the devil's workshop . . . Work, for the night is coming.

The work-equals-worth myth is deeply ingrained, dies hard, and leaves a host of troubled survivors. Man mistrusts the effortless. He can enjoy only that for which he toils. He cannot accept the unearned gift of grace.

Work habits rule our leisure hours, too. We

The mallet is up and the game is on. Even once-obscure sports such as polo are booming in popularity.

strain to take a few strokes off the golf game. We attack hobbies with fanatical zeal. We cheer ourselves silly over spectator sports or soak up secondhand thrills from the TV screen.

But guilt feelings linger. Somehow, the pursuit of happiness seems sinful, even if constitutional. Developing what psychiatrists call "weekend neurosis," we flee free time to find rest and recreation in work and accomplishment.

Leisure is like a mirror into our Dorian Gray souls. Few can stand what they see there.

The flag is down and the race is over. But now that the afternoon's thrills are past, what will fill the rest of the day?

what do they do on sunday?

FREE TIME always has been a fringe benefit. Now it is moving to stage center of life, replacing work as a foundation of culture. Future generations may judge a man not by how hard he works but by how well he plays.

Leisure raises life-and-death moral and religious issues. It opens up a world of human activity where man is led to deeper involvement and more freedom of decision. The new leisure places more emphasis on making a life, less on making a living. It encourages us—compels us—to think about the ultimate questions: *Who am I? Why am I here? Where am I going?*

We stand exposed in our leisure. When all the votes are in, true leisure can be judged only to the degree that it brings self-affirmation, involvement, and freedom.

Those who are older and wiser sometimes point the way to how we can respond freely to the joys of the moment, to small, in-between pleasures.

One man's leisure is another's boredom. If a man does not keep pace with his companions on how he spends his spare time, perhaps it is because he steps to the beat of a different drummer.

Leisure holds promise, but first it requires redefinition. Leisure is *not* the opposite of work. Free time is only *potentially* leisure time. Leisure should be an end in itself, not only preparation for work, not toil in disguise.

True leisure involves capacity for self-realization, and exists only when we are *freely* and *wholly* engaged in what we are doing. A spiritual and mental attitude, it implies letting things happen, saying *yes* to the moment. Only in this way can we make leisure something that refreshes and renews, something that adds quality and meaning and fulness to life.

zz concert at the lakefront: Are such secular festivals replacing our sacred celebrations, notably divine worship?

what do they do on sunday?

The "now" generation tends to give the church neither time nor allegiance. What can—must—the church offer them?

Is this time well spent? Sometimes the answer is yes.

FOR CENTURIES the church preached the gospel of hard labor. Today, the time to tell the good news of leisure is here, for it surrounds us.

A few churches have responded by timidly following people to their playgrounds and by experimenting with non-Sunday worship. But much more is required—and soon.

At its roots, the leisure question is deeply personal. We each must make painful daily choices. Kill time? Or make leisure come alive? The Bible offers no direct Christian answer. But as the psalmist said, in essence: "Have leisure, and know that I am God."

—Willmon L. White

Is it wrong for married couples to fight with each other? Not according to this pastoral counselor. "It is never a question of whether we should be angry, but only of what we do with our anger," he maintains. So, husband, if you want your marriage to be a success . . .

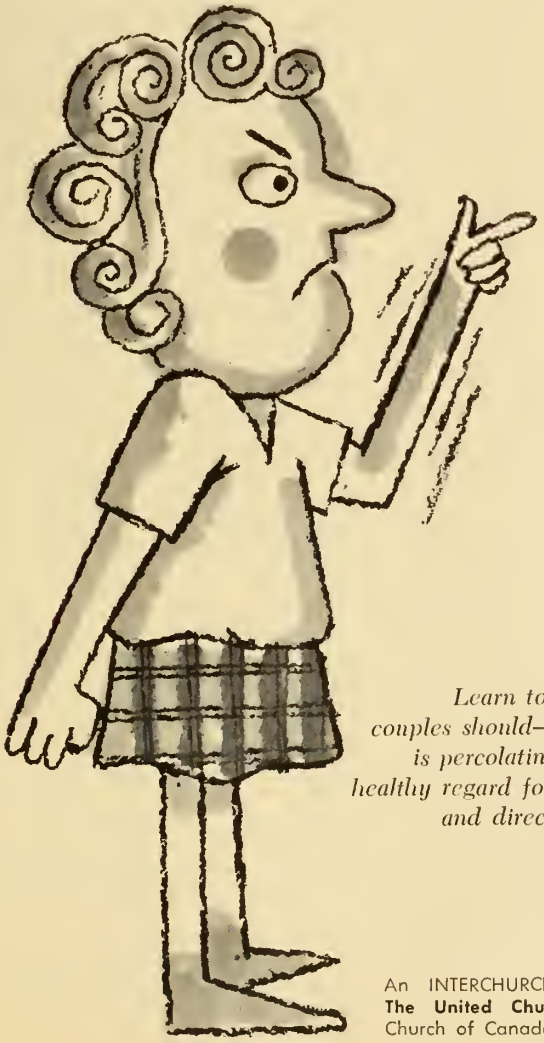
You SHOULD Fight With Your Wife

By *J. MERVYN DICKINSON,* Minister-Counselor
United Church of Canada

IN THE more than 10 years since my wife and I were married, we have learned a great deal about how *not* to fight with each other. Gradually, sometimes painfully, we have become aware of the veritable arsenal of cowardly, underhanded, guerrilla-like tactics which we have employed in our encounters. And which, like poison gas or germ warfare, should forever be outlawed from marital conflict.

But we have also learned—or rather are in process of learning—how to fight as married couples should. That is to say, openly, directly, with all the anger that is percolating in us, and with the kind of honesty that contributes both to self-esteem and to a healthy regard for the enemy.

All of which I believe to be of critical importance in building a marriage in which personal integrity and mutual love can flourish. For unless a couple are able to do battle with each other as they



Learn to fight as married couples should—with all the anger that is percolating in you, and with a healthy regard for the enemy. But be open and direct and honest, too.

An INTERCHURCH FEATURE originated by **The United Church Observer** (The United Church of Canada).—*Your Editors*

should, it is impossible for them to love each other as they could. Nor is there any more dangerous fantasy than that which holds Christian marriage to be a state of peaceful, conflict-free togetherness. Indeed, I really believe that more marriages are undermined by our fearful avoidance of conflict than by an angry willingness to fight.

The truth of the matter is, of course, that one cannot have a close and loving relationship without also having anger and conflict. You just don't get the one without the other. From the day we are born kicking and screaming into this world, anger remains an inevitable, God-given response to the threats and frustrations of life.

And it is precisely those persons whom we love the most, in whom we have so much of ourselves invested, who are most likely on occasion to hurt and threaten us. They are the ones most able to touch us at the points where we are most vulnerable. Towards those who are unimportant to us, we feel little or nothing. But towards our loved ones we experience the entire range of human feelings, including anger, and we do so with the utmost intensity.

So angry conflict, ranging all the way from mild annoyance to furious rage, is normally found within the closest, most loving relationships. It is never a question of whether we *should* be angry, but only of what we will *do* with our anger. It is not a question of *whether* we should fight, but only of *how* we should fight.

Indeed, the only way of avoiding anger and escaping conflict is by maintaining distance in relationships—by preventing the relationship from developing too much closeness or intensity. Which is what for centuries we have tried to do. Because in generations past we have regarded marriage as primarily a social institution which ought to be maintained at all costs, we have scrupulously avoided the kind of closeness which generates conflict. Our forefathers were wise enough to know that you can't get closeness without conflict, or intensity without anger. They knew that if two human beings came too close to each other, there would be opened a Pandora's box of potential conflict. And since conflict *may* explode a marriage, it is safer to avoid it altogether.

So we developed over the centuries certain methods for avoiding conflict in marriage. One of these was to declare that in this relationship between two persons there shall be only one vote—the man's. Now that is always a good way of avoiding conflict. It may not be very democratic, but it works—especially if (as still is done in many cultures) you can raise the women to accept it and really to believe that their husband's word is law.

ANOTHER method of keeping the lid on Pandora's box is to insist on complete separation of the functions of husbands and wives. This again worked well for many centuries. We managed to define carefully and separate the role and province of the wife from that of her husband. The biography of Gandhi, for example, informs us that he and his wife did not even live in the same quarters, and came together only under the cover of night. And one can still meet Japanese grandfathers who have lived all their life in the family home and have never once been inside the kitchen, because that is not their province or responsibility.

But now, in our culture, we have changed all that. We have abolished the one-vote system and declared that marriage shall be democratic. And we have decided that the functions of husbands and wives should no longer be so carefully segregated, but that they should share their responsibilities together. In short, we have redefined marriage. It is no longer regarded *primarily* as a social institution but as an interpersonal relationship in which a man and a woman are expected to share life with a degree of closeness and intensity which our forefathers could scarcely have contemplated.

So John and Mary, bright-eyed and eager, now look forward to marriage, expecting it and wanting it to be a life-long union in which each will share life with the other in the closest and most intimate way. All of which is very good and beautiful. But too often John and Mary are not prepared for the fact that such a relationship carries with it inevitable hurt and conflict. Nor are they always equipped to deal with the intensity of feeling, both positive and negative, which will be generated. And unless they learn how to fight as well as love, how to deal with their anger with openness and honesty, their marriage may be in trouble.

One all-too-common solution is to abandon the dream of closeness with which they entered marriage. Having discovered that closeness brings conflict and a sometimes uncomfortable intensity of feeling, John and Mary may back off from each other just a step or two. Which is a pretty natural response to being hurt. In self-defense, and to avoid the risk of being hurt again, they may then proceed to erect some defensive barriers between themselves. They introduce a measure of protective distance.

But that defeats the very purpose of their marriage. They wanted closeness, but found they could not pay the price. So John and Mary come eventually to the office of the marriage counselor, saying, "We once loved each other very much. But something has gone wrong. Now it feels as if there is a barrier between us which we cannot penetrate, a distance which we cannot bridge."

Of course, there are many who never reach the office of the marriage counselor. Some drift slowly into separation. Others are willing to settle for something less than the closeness they had dreamed of, and have been able to stabilize the relationship by maintaining a certain optimum distance.

For John and Mary, however, the problem is further complicated by the fact that their frustration with the marriage generates more anger still. But since they have not learned to deal directly with their anger, or fight as married couples should, the anger finds more subtle outlets which, in time, may totally erode the foundations of the marriage.

John, for instance, may cultivate an extramarital affair, based on the fantasy that "Here is a woman who

really understands me, and with whom I can enjoy conflict-free intimacy." And if he really wants to fight dirty, he can always allow (quite accidentally, of course) his affair to become known.

Or perhaps he may elect instead to invest himself more fully in his work (after all, who can blame a man for wanting to provide for his family), or on the golf links (every man needs *some* recreation), or "with the boys" (a friendly game of poker every Friday night never hurt anyone).

Another favorite tactic is to treat one's wife as if she were a slightly lesser creature, one not quite as intelligent, as competent, as mature as she could be—all under the guise of being the helpful and understanding husband.

Mary, on the other hand, may wage war in her own way. She may play the role of the martyr (guaranteed to induce guilt in most husbands), the nagging critic (nothing her husband does is ever good enough), the depressed, dependent, and demanding little girl (how can you hit her when she's down?), the all-knowing, all-controlling mother (intended to psychologically castrate her little-boy husband), or the sexually unsatisfied lover (which always gets a man right where he lives). And, of course, withdrawal, or "the silent treament," remains a most effective weapon when all else has failed.

THE LIST of guerrilla tactics could be expanded almost without limit. Undoubtedly you will be able to add many of your own. And in contrast to such stratagems as these, a good, clean slap in the face begins to look pretty healthy. Which is not to encourage wife beating but only to suggest that if trust and commitment are not to be undermined we must learn to deal honestly with our anger and openly with the conflict which marital closeness inevitably brings.

This means, in turn, that we must be and become the kind of persons who can take the risk of getting close to others, who can really allow ourselves to love and be loved, to know and be known, with all the depth and intensity of which we are capable. And that, for some of us, is difficult.

It means, as well, that we must be sufficiently open to our own depths that we can experience, without distortion or denial, all the feelings that exist within us. And sufficiently trusting of our partner's love for us that we are willing to share who we are (even at the risk of being hurt) and to communicate unambiguously our feelings.

It means, finally, that we must grant our partner the right and the freedom to be who he or she really is, accepting and responding to the full range of his or her feelings, and saying, in essence, "I'm glad that you're you; I'm grateful that you trust me enough to be honest in your anger as well as your affection; and even in the midst of our most angry conflicts, I love you as you are."

And if we want a text for all of this, we might try Paul's "Be angry, but do not sin" (Ephesians 4:26). For, from a Christian point of view, the only sin is a broken relationship, born of our unwillingness or inability to love each other with the openness and honesty which God intends.

So wives, *be* angry! Husbands, fight with your wives in all manliness! For that's what love requires. And that's the kind of love that happy marriages are made of. □

How to SPAR With Your PARTNER

SOME marriages are "on the ropes" partly because the spouses don't know *how* to fight with each other.

In his book *Building a Christian Marriage*,[1] counselor William E. Hulme suggests some guidelines for successful battling in the ring of marital conflict. Before putting on the gloves, though, each fighter—to be successful—must realize why he or she is fighting.

The fight—or quarrel—takes places when normal communication has failed, Dr. Hulme says. But the tactics employed are crucial, for they will determine whether the fight will clear the air, or merely heat it more. Dr. Hulme indicates five guidelines to successful sparring:

1. **Get your partner's attention.** Just scream (if you're a woman), or shout. If spouse turns a deaf ear, start exaggerating things. You'll soon get a hearing, which is the initial purpose of the fight.

2. **Don't give up until you're too exhausted to continue.** (You should be able to cause an uproar for 10 or 15 minutes unless you're really out of shape.) "The key to constructive quarreling is to slug it out until this state of exhaustion is reached," Dr. Hulme advises. "Then, when the shouting no longer has any meaning or exaggeration any point, we may begin to communicate again in the normal way and reconciliation of sorts usually ensues."

3. **Don't leave the ring before the fight is over.** Running away and slamming the door behind you is the cowardly way to stop the fight—and, of course, it settles none of the fight-producing issues.

4. **Make every punch count.** Wild "haymakers" (words calculated to hurt deeply) are thrown only when the fighter is afraid of his opponent. Instead, take it on the chin and use little jabs—tell your spouse what's *really* bothering you.

5. **No low blows.** Sure you know your spouse well, but don't aim for his vulnerable spots, and don't humiliate him in front of others.

"Anger is an expression of vitality," Dr. Hulme concludes. "It is the indifferent who do not love, and the apathetic who do not care."

If you love your mate, you'll want to learn *how* to come out fighting—so your marriage will be the stronger for it.

—*Martha Lane*

[1] Building a Christian Marriage *by Dr. William E. Hulme is published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., at $3.50. Quotes are from chapter 6,* Mutual Subservience. *Used by permission.*—EDITORS

The old man said so, and since he looked like Moses and had a deep voice, what he said must be true. The boy hurried to alert his family and friends, but they wouldn't believe it was . . .

The End of the WORLD

By ERNEST BLEVINS

Jogging along toward town, they got pretty well acquainted. Then suddenly, the old man issued his warning.

I WAS headed toward town on Saturday afternoon when a man in a one-horse wagon overtook me and asked if I wanted to ride. I got in and sat down beside him on the spring-seat. He was a medium-sized man with a white beard, and he wore an old white garment.

He asked me about my family and where I went to school, and we had become pretty well acquainted when suddenly he told me solemnly, "Tomorrow is the end of the world."

I wanted to ask him why tomorrow, but we had come to the corner of Market and River Streets and he stopped the horse. "You can get out here, Son," he said. Bewildered I climbed over the side of the wagon, set my foot on the hub, and jumped to the ground. I watched mutely as he drove on down River Street for a block and turned the horse into the Bell wagonyard.

What the man said had thrown me into confusion. Then it struck me that the end of the world might as well be tomorrow as a thousand years from now. Maybe this man is right, I reasoned. He *looks* right. He has a long, white beard like Moses had. His deep voice sounds like our pastor's. It all makes sense; he *must* be right.

I looked up at the sky. The sun was shining bright, the trees were loaded with foliage, though it was still early spring. People walked up and down the street just as if it weren't the end of the world tomorrow. I felt exhilarated because I had been singled out for this startling bit of intelligence. Other people would be taken by surprise; some of them would be in places like the dance hall at Riverside Park; some would be drunk in the saloon outside of

town. And some would be in church—a good place to be when the world comes to an end.

I laughed. I was 11, the age when everybody in the world seemed to be fooling me; it was great to feel that *they* were being fooled for a change.

Some fathers would criticize their sons for staying out on Saturday night and then, too late, be sorry for it. Some people would fuss and fight with their friends and neighbors, and the world would end before they had time to make up. I was at a wonderful advantage.

I wondered, as I walked quickly up Market Street, why I had been given this special knowledge. For a moment I thought about my ride with the old man, and suddenly it occurred to me that it might not have been an old man at all; it might have been an angel. I recalled the Bible story of Philip and the eunuch. If it could happen to the eunuch, it could happen to me, too!

Maybe he was sent to me because, in spite of my faults, I was a pretty good boy. I'd had a couple of fights that winter, but I had paid for them with punishment by Miss Patterson, my teacher. I had helped my sister do the housework. Besides, I had run errands for her—not always willingly, but I had run them.

I turned down Front Street and met Lena James. She was the girl I was in love with, but she was two years older than I, and she considered me a pest.

I stopped her and stood on my tiptoes, trying to be as tall as she. I said, "Lena, the world is coming to an end tomorrow."

She laughed and said, "Whoever heard of anything so silly? Why should it end tomorrow?"

"Well, why shouldn't it?" I said coldly.

Lena peered at me, a little worried. "Who told you that? The fortune-teller?"

"It was an angel who appeared to me."

Lena's eyes widened. "Have you gone stark-raving crazy?" she said and hurried on down the street.

I felt indignant for a moment. Then I felt sorry for her. She certainly would not be a part of the angel band—not until she changed her attitude anyway.

That notion made me think the matter over again. I should have asked the man what was going to happen to *me*. I ran back to River Street and followed it to the Bell wagonyard to see if I could find him again. Sure enough there he was, standing by his wagon, speaking to a group of farmers and horse traders.

I pushed my way between the men and said, "Mister, mister! What's going to happen to me?"

The old man recognized me at once. He smiled and said, "You, my son, will be an angel and with the angels stand."

"Thank you, sir," I said. "Thank you very much."

At this moment the town marshal came up and took the old man by the arm and led him away. I laughed to think how funny it was that the marshal would put him in jail and he would be out so quickly because the whole world would end tomorrow.

It was only three o'clock in the afternoon, but I started home. I wanted to warn my sister and father and my Uncle Claud. I guess it was supposed to be a secret, but I believed the old man would not mind if I warned my family. He may even have wanted me to help him warn everybody. I half ran all the six miles to our home on the Hot Springs highway.

WHEN I arrived, I found Uncle Claud sleeping on the divan. It seemed that he had slept on our divan every day since Mother died a year ago—slept and dreamed his life away, growing fat and lazy.

"Uncle Claud!" I yelled. "Tomorrow is the end of the world!"

He opened one eye. "Whatcha say?"

"Tomorrow is the end of the world," I repeated.

He opened the other eye. I waited for him to jump to his feet and start getting things in order. But he just shrugged his shoulders and went back to sleep.

I rushed to the kitchen where my sister was making pies for the following week. "Stop your work, Sister," I said. She wiped her floured hands on her apron and gave me a puzzled look. "Stop," I said. "Bake only enough pie for tonight. Tomorrow is the end of the world."

"Now, now," she said, "let's not get excited. Who told you the world is going to end tomorrow?" I hesitated for a moment. "I was told by an—by an angel. He picked me up on the highway just this side of town. He said tomorrow the world would end, and I would be an angel and with the angels stand."

"It certainly couldn't happen to a nicer boy," my sister said with a big smile. She turned back to her pies.

I STARED at her helplessly. Here I was with the biggest news of the year, and no one would pay attention to me.

"Just think of it, Sister," I said. "We'll see Mother again! And I won't have to do any more homework; I won't have to take any more organ lessons."

My face was hot; my heart raced. There was adventure ahead for all of us. How would it feel to be an angel, to fly, and disappear and then reappear?

My sister smiled gently, stopped working, put her arms around me and drew me to her. Big tears were in her eyes, but she said nothing.

"You will be an angel, too," I assured her.

"Well, that's fine," she said.

From outdoors I heard the jangle of harness. My father was coming from the field. He drove the team straight to the barn, and I ran out to open the gate for him. When he got down from the wagon, he lifted me off my feet and whirled me around. "Papa," I said excitedly, "Papa, you don't have to go to the field any more!"

"Oh?" he said, "who will do the plowing?"

"There won't be any more plowing. Tomorrow is the end of the world!"

Father looked at me with his head turned a little to one side. "How do you know?" he asked, stroking his moustache.

"On my way to town, I rode

with an angel. He told me. No more housework, no more organ lessons. I'm to be an angel and with the angels stand."

Father bit his lower lip. "No more squirrel hunting, no more baseball, no more fishing trips, I suppose," he said.

I was depressed for a moment. "But we're to be angels," I said, brightening.

"And what shall we do then?" he asked.

"Fly in the sky! Sing! Play harps," I speculated.

"After being a dirt farmer all my life, I'm not sure I could play a harp—not with these rough hands, anyway," he said.

"Oh, but you'll be changed. Just like magic. Your hands will be smooth and you'll do things the angels do. I don't know all the things they do, but they're exciting things. Let's sing, Papa. Let's celebrate." I began a hymn that I remembered: "He's coming to earth again . . . Oh, that it were today. . . ."

My father laughed and joined me, singing as he unharnessed the mules. Then, still singing, we walked toward the house.

As WE went in the front door, my sister looked at Papa and said, "Well?"

"I suppose," said Father seriously, "that you've been informed of the end of the world tomorrow?"

"Yes, I have," my sister said, smiling.

"Well, since tomorrow is just as likely as any other day, we thought we'd sing a song together—a song appropriate to the occasion. What are we having for supper?"

"Chicken and dumplings," my sister replied.

"A magnificent choice!" Father exclaimed.

Shortly after supper, I went to bed and said my prayers. I asked to be forgiven for all the bad things I had done. I also asked forgiveness for my father and sister. Since my uncle was so lazy, I thought it would require a sort of special prayer for him, so I started over. I prayed that tomorrow when we would all be called up to meet Jesus in the air, we would be fitting for his company, I concluded with a brief list of the good things I had done in the past few days and drifted off to sleep.

The next morning through the quiet, tense breakfast I was pained to see that my family showed no signs of realizing that this was the end. They made ready for church as usual. I dressed quickly. I wanted to be at the proper place when it happened. But the service ended, the day wore on, and through supper that night I was still watching for a sign.

Of course, I told myself, this is the day. The angel didn't tell me the exact hour, so we will have until midnight. At that time, or near that time, no doubt the end will come.

While waiting, I fell asleep. I awoke when the big clock in the hall struck twice. I couldn't believe my ears. I slipped out of bed and felt my way through the dark in the hall. Bright moonlight streamed through a window and I could see it was two o'clock in the morning. I had never been so disappointed in my life. I wouldn't get to see my mother. I would have to go back to the world of school and organ lessons. The bearded man had lied to me. That was the reason the marshal had taken him away.

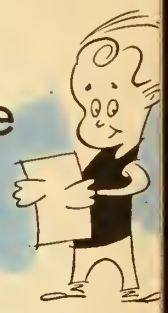
After a long time I went back to sleep, but I awoke again at the crack of dawn. The sun was peeping over the eastern hills—it was beautiful. Soon the birds were singing outside.

As I stood by my window and watched, a feeling of great joy swept over me and I thought this is a wonderful world. I thought of the sky and the sun, the trees and flowers, the birds, of fishing trips and the love of others. I began to see things differently. The organ teacher, I mused, wasn't such a bad guy after all, and I'd soon be done with him. Miss Patterson, my fifth-grade teacher, was quite pretty, despite the homework she made us do.

I went downstairs to breakfast. Uncle Claud was sitting on the divan sipping his coffee. "Well," he said, "we still have the world with us."

I forced a smile. "It will end sometime—for all of us," I warned him. "You just wait and see!" □

Children CAN Share The Load



TRIPPY, my seven-year-old, looked dejected. "I wish I was only two years old," he blurted. "Then I wouldn't have so many jobs to do." I could see right there that I'd better take a new look at assigning household jobs.

The children have been doing their tasks all right, but only after repeated proddings. Surely there must be an easier way.

After some thought, I worked out a plan which has been functioning like a jewel ever since.

Each morning at the breakfast table there's a note awaiting the children. Trippy, as the oldest, reads the list—one job for each child, geared to age and ability. For example:

Trippy: rake apples. Claudia (five): clean bathroom sink. Joey (three): dust furniture.

The children readily accept their chores this way; in fact, they're usually eager to learn what tasks they have drawn. This plan also makes job assignments consistent, saving me from merely choosing whichever child is closest.

The three of them now take pride in having a specific job for which they are totally responsible. On weekdays they start their tasks after school; on weekends, after breakfast. I switch assignments around so nobody gets tired of one thing. I keep alert, too, for such remarks as, "Do I have to fold diapers again?" These bring a change of assignment.

Besides developing a sense of responsibility, this system makes the children more co-operative. I see to it that the jobs are not always solos. From time to time one or another of them works with me, and we have fun together. Then, too, they often get so interested in someone else's job that they volunteer to help.

The spirit of co-operation which has blossomed has cemented tighter the bonds of unity for all the family. That original problem is solved, too. Our children now not only enjoy helping around the house, but understand how important it is.

—ROSEMARY LANCASTER

EIGHT QUESTIONS ABOUT THE DRAFT

A young man is liable for military service during eight crucial years of his life. So severe an intervention in a citizen's life by the state needs the most thoughtful examination.

By WILLIAM LEE MILLER
Associate Professor of Social Ethics
Yale Divinity School

THE CURRENT PERIOD in American public affairs has seen many old, half-forgotten questions raised, many buried issues exhumed: the draft, the CIA's (Central Intelligence Agency) secret support of student organizations; even the "containment" of Communist power itself, at least in Asia. In many fields, we are beginning to ask whether the old assumptions underlying our policies are valid any longer. And we raise at the same time a larger issue about American public life: can public policy and public opinion change and adapt to rapidly changing conditions?

One is often surprised, too, at how little serious and critical examination policies received when they were adopted, or have received until now. It is surprising in retrospect that the CIA's far-flung secret operations were not exposed and challenged before this. And it is surprising how little broad and serious public criticism there has been—until recently—of the draft; how easily the selective service act has been renewed and its now-controversial features retained; how little attention was paid to critics. As long ago as 1956, Adlai Stevenson proposed an end to the draft, but nobody was listening then. Now the new mood of the '60s, and especially the pressures of the Viet Nam war, have made the draft a serious public issue.

An INTERCHURCH FEATURE originated by and also appearing in *Presbyterian Life* (United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.).
—*Your Editors*

Many conferences, committees, commissions, articles and books have examined the draft. Student opinion, particularly, is very critical of it. Leaders of student organizations ranging in political coloration from the conservative Young Americans for Freedom through the moderate-liberal youth and college section of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to the left-wing Students for a Democratic Society joined in a February statement asking for the elimination of the draft. "The present draft system," they said, "with its inherent injustices is incompatible with traditional American principles of individual freedom within a democratic society and . . . for this reason should be eliminated."

Meanwhile, a Presidential blue-ribbon commission appointed last July and chaired by former Assistant Attorney General Burke Marshall has made its recommendations. Another commission, appointed by the House Armed Services Committee, has also made its somewhat more conservative recommendations.

Underneath all this current interest, there is the anguish over the Viet Nam war plus disquiet about the heavy, uneven compulsion that the draft represents. In this relatively antigovernmental and unmilitaristic nation, we celebrate individual freedom and resist coercion, especially coercion by government. But our resistance is very uneven. It is notable that conservative individualists have not, for example, been in the forefront on the attacks on the state laws against so-called miscegenation, now challenged before the U.S. Supreme Court, in which the heavy hand of the state intervenes absolutely in a most basic and personal freedom, the choice of a marriage partner. And it is notable that until recently the powerful compulsions of the military draft and the selective-service system have been accepted, even in peacetime, with little challenge.

Criticism within the churches has until recently been mostly that of pacifist Christians so opposed to everything that smacked of the military that they did not make specific policy criticisms of this particular draft system. But it now is widely recognized that so severe an intervention by the state into a citizen's life cannot be allowed to pass without a much more careful examination. Here are some of the questions that are being asked by many, some of them by the President's commission:

ONE: Should students be deferred?

By far the most controversial recommendation of the Presidential Advisory Commission is one proposing that "serious consideration" be given to the "gradual elimination" of the deferment of college students. The Congressional Study Commission, headed by General Mark Clark, did not make such a recommendation.

Almost everyone agrees that the kind of deferment of graduate students that can be prolonged until age 26, and thus become in effect an exemption, is unfair. Many agree that the way the college deferments are now administered needs to be overhauled. But others go further and urge that the college deferment be eliminated.

The basic reason is that it is unfair. The college deferment, of course, works to favor those economic classes that go to college in larger numbers. With some stretch-out, plus graduate school or marriage and fatherhood, it can be made to amount to exemption. Within college, as anyone dealing with students today knows, it creates false motives for selecting easier schools, easier classes, getting grades. The "college qualification test" is widely criticized for favoring students with a mathematical rather than a humanistic bent, and General Lewis B. Hershey has admitted the inclination of draft boards to defer scientists before men in other fields. There is much anxiety and there are many attempts at evasion—which brings up a second question.

TWO: Can we reduce disruption of men's lives?

Critics say that the present system, with its crazy quilt of exemptions and deferments, creates many unhealthy and unjust situations. Over half the nation's young men now do *not* serve in the armed services, despite the nominal universality of the selective-service system. The reserves become a haven for many. Opposition to the present undeclared war in Viet Nam in particular, and the sievelike unevenness of the present draft, encourages evasive tactics. Conscientious young citizens, however, may live for eight crucial years of life with the possibility of sudden disruption.

Both the President's commission and the Congressional commission have made a recommendation intended to correct some of this: that draft calls begin not with the oldest within the eligible group—all those from 18 to 26 years old—but with the youngest, thus taking most young men at the transition point between high school and college or work, and when fewer are married. President Johnson's National Advisory Commission recommends drafting at age 19.

THREE: Are there unfair local variations?

Critics say the categories of exemption and deferment are very loose; that draft calls vary widely in time according to military conditions and guesses; and that there are very wide and unreasonable differences among the 50 states and 4,000 local draft boards. In some areas, there are many volunteers, therefore fewer men are drafted. In others there are few volunteers, therefore there are many draftees. Local boards

have wide discretion, and at least in one instance in Michigan a board's members were suspected of using it punitively against protesters who sat in at the draft-board office.

Another recommendation of the Presidential commission aims at national standards minimizing these local variations.

FOUR: Is the draft unfair to the poor?

It has often been charged that the draft takes a disproportionately high proportion of the poor and of Negroes. It is further alleged—by opponents of the Viet Nam war—that this is a "white man's war fought by black men," and a "rich man's war fought by the poor." These slogans, of course, grossly exaggerate. There is a higher proportion of regulars to conscriptees in Viet Nam combat than elsewhere. The proportion of Negroes among them *is* somewhat higher than the percentage of Negroes in that age group in the population—but this is because more Negroes now enlist and reenlist. That obviously has to do with conditions in our society, not with the draft. As to the very poor, great numbers of them are *rejected* by the draft. Nevertheless, setting propaganda slogans aside, the college and graduate-school deferment, plus the reserves and other deferments or exemptions, plus the different access to knowledge about alternatives, is thought to introduce some class bias into the system.

FIVE: Should ministers and seminarians be exempt?

There is one exemption, not much examined in the general literature, that the churches now are thinking about: IV-D. The exemption for clergymen and seminary students was written into law just before World War II, with strong Catholic testimony at the Congressional hearings. Protestant comment tended to be confused with the conscientious-objector question. The exemption in the peacetime selective-service act has been continued without much questioning. But do present theologies of the ministry and of Christian life support this automatic exemption?

SIX: Should there be a random selection?

Some form of pure lottery, as an alternative to the present system, has often been suggested, sometimes by eminent spokesmen. But then the question comes —shouldn't there be *some* exemptions? There will be exemptions for physical and mental disabilities, surely. How about fathers of large families and hardship cases? Surely the community would object if unemployed bachelors stayed home while hardworking fathers of six children were taken. And this brings up the question of deferring and exempting again.

The President's commission combined the principle of random selection with its proposal that drafting start with the lower age—when fewer of the sharp inequities would apply. The Congressional commission did not propose any random selecting.

SEVEN: Should there be alternative service?

The notion of alternative forms of service for young men (sometimes for young women, too) is appealing to many, including some church people. Usually the symbol of the alternative is something like the Peace Corps; sometimes police service is mentioned as a possibility. The most eminent source of the suggestion that there be universal service in the various forms is the secretary of defense, in a speech last year.

But the Peace Corps represents only a very small fraction of American youths, and its volunteer character would seem essential. Do we want compulsion in these humanitarian enterprises? Massive numbers? Who chooses which enterprises? Isn't the backlash from the draft a dubious source for servants of the public good? The President's commission also questions whether such forms of service can fairly be equated with the personal risks of a shooting war.

EIGHT: Do we need a draft at all?

Many critics question whether we need a draft, under modern military conditions. They suggest that the day of massive land armies is past, and that a professional, well-paid volunteer force would not only suffice but be superior to conscripted forces. The Defense Department gives huge estimates of the cost of obtaining such a force; critics say these estimates vary so widely as to indicate that they are not careful or serious. Proponents of a purely professional army emphasize the increasingly technical character of modern war, and the huge cost of training and of turnover with draftees.

And then there are principled opponents, on right and left, of the draft's compulsion. The rationale for this compulsion comes from a condition of all-out war and threat to the nation's sheer survival; it has carried over, however, to the whole long cold-war period of semipeace.

We have now a curious, terrible, undeclared, limited but large war, supported by the containment doctrines of 20 years ago. And we corral young men to fight in it on the draft theories of World War II, a quarter of a century ago.

It is not surprising that some serious questions now are being asked. □

Teens Together

By DALE WHITE

EVERY week a few letters come from young people who have thought about suicide, or who feel that life no longer matters, or have friends of whom this is true. Suicide is a leading cause of death among young people, and suicide threats should always be taken seriously. The following letter illustrates the problem:

"I am a girl, 18. Until recently I lived in a small town where I knew everybody. When I came to the city to take nurses training, I was afraid I would not make many friends. One boy in particular befriended me. I thought a lot of him, but only as a dear friend. I invited him to a school dance, but he got drunk, so I got angry and started dating another boy. I did not see him until a week or two ago. He did not seem like himself.

"They told me in class yesterday that my dear friend had killed himself. I was shocked, hurt, and confused. He was a wonderful boy and had such plans for himself. Why did he do it? I feel as if it was my fault because I stopped seeing him. Maybe he could have told me what was wrong, and we could have worked it out. Will God forgive him for killing himself?"

This girl ought not to blame herself for the death of her friend. Suicide almost always reveals an emotional disturbance from which the victim had suffered for a long time. An acute disappointment or failure may be the final straw, but powerful forces are at work underneath.

Depression is the most common emotional problem associated with suicide. Since many of us go through periods of depression, especially in adolescence, it is good to understand this condition. Depression feels like a great sadness, a terribly heavy burden of grief, guilt, and despair. One girl writes:

"I have a wonderful family, do well in school, and have friends, but for several years I have felt just awful inside, and it is getting worse. Everything seems so black and hopeless. I used to think everyone felt this way underneath, but now I know different."

One who is depressed may be unable to concentrate. Every task feels mountainous. Though fatigue is constant, sleep may not come easily. Or, strangely, a person may want to sleep all the time.

What should we do when depression hits? Sometimes we can ride it out, if it isn't too severe and goes away within a few weeks. If it lasts and lasts, or makes our work suffer, then we should see a physician. New antidepressant drugs can help many people. A series of sessions with a professional counselor can help others. Above all, it is important to fight off the feeling that nothing can help, that all is lost. Studies show that even if no help is available, the periods of depression will usually lift or lessen within two years.

One good discipline is to imagine what we would do if we were not depressed, then do it. Pushing ourselves to continue our work and to be with people helps us keep a sense of perspective and reality.

Certainly thoughts of suicide are a signal to seek help immediately. Since people are not mind readers, we have to say plainly and loudly that we do not feel well and want to see a doctor.

What should we do if a friend is depressed? We need to resist the temptation to try to talk the person out of it or to scold him into abandoning his black mood. People do not like being depressed and will change when they can. Equally, we need to avoid taking on too much responsibility for the person, or trying to be a counselor or magic-worker. If a friend is threatening suicide or has secretly attempted it, some responsible adult needs to know about it. It is always in order to suggest that the friend see a counselor, pastor, or physician.

Q&A

I am a girl, 15. I am very mature physically for my age, but when it comes to mental maturity, I flunk out. I try so hard to act my age, but sometimes I act like I am two years old. Usually I obey my parents, but often I forget or do not hear them. I am going with a very nice guy, but I lied to my mother, and now she says I have ruined my chances for seeing him. Just now I got into trouble for making some lemonade after my mother told me to stay out of the kitchen. How can I grow up?—J.M.

You describe clearly the unique agonies of adolescence. As one boy put it, "When I do something childish they say, 'Why don't you act your age?' but when I want to do something grown-up, they say, 'You are just too young.'" Now here you are with a body all grown-up with no place to go, because your emotions are lagging behind. I know only about three cures for immaturity: time, commitment, and involvement. Time you can do nothing about, except wait. Commitment means resolving with God's help to be the most responsible person possible, including *hearing* and *remembering* when duty calls. Involvement means throwing yourself into experiences of work, play, and service with others, out of which a kind of wisdom begins to grow.

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz.
© 1959 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I have to hang up now, Gloria, my dad is ready to give me another driving lesson!"

Q&A

I am a boy, 13. I like a girl very much. She is about the same age as I am. I've tried to call her on the phone, but one of my brothers always listens in. I can't find time to talk to her in school and she lives too far away to walk over to her house. What can I do?—R.H.

Everybody should be allowed a little privacy, and especially a fellow talking to his favorite girl. Talk with your parents about the problem. They

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

Did the whale swallow Jonah? Haskell M. Miller, in *Barriers and Bridges to Brotherhood,* says that "the first and biggest whale which swallowed this unhappy man was that of race prejudice."

God had instructed him to go and minister in Nineveh; Jonah went, but stubbornly and resentfully. He preached with venom in his words, and then backed off to see the results. Instead of becoming angry, the Ninevites repented. They wanted God's mercy, and that made Jonah, their preacher, more indignant than ever.

God had to rebuke him again for his narrowness. There are "six-score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right and their left hand" (Jonah 4:11, KJV).

What is a 'middle axiom'? Oversimplifying, middle axioms are compromises. There are middle axioms of social ethics, like those of The Methodist Church on racial issues, and those of all peace-loving nations on wars. When we become vague about our beliefs and shy away from conflict, other social forces fill in our middle axioms for us.

Dr. O. Frederick Nolde, of the National Council of Churches Commission on International Affairs, was once asked on a problem of peace, "For what solution are you prepared to settle?" and he answered, "For none."

"The Christian community," he added, "cannot settle for any answer. We shall press for the best possible compromise in the present situation, but we shall also press for a complete change of the situation itself."

If we do not become content with middle axioms, they can take us beyond the middle.

Is marriage a private affair? Only the most self-centered adolescents imagine that marriage exists solely for the self-indulgence of the two partners; but it is routine nowadays for the community and even the family to be told to mind its own business.

On the other hand, the Christian church has always taught that marriage is a sacred undertaking, invested with a public character. Surely, it has public consequences and responsibilities. Within the fellowship of the church, the bond is so sacred that the church, and not the officiating clergyman, actually does the marrying.

"A question period following every sermon would be good for both pulpit and pew," in the opinion of Bishop T. Otto Nall, who was editor of the Christian Advocate *before going to Minnesota as resident bishop. Need a question answered? Write him in care of* TOGETHER.

may be willing to have the phone moved to a room where the door can be closed. Then a person can talk without being interrupted. If your brothers are listening in on an extension phone, ask your parents to lay down the law to them. If none of this works, you will just have to call from a friend's house or a public phone.

Q&A

I am a girl, 17, and a senior in high school. I am (if it doesn't sound too corny) a leader in my school and community, well respected by everyone, and a B-plus student. I have been to church what seems like every Sunday of my entire life. There is my problem. I feel like the biggest hypocrite every time I go to church and hear older people say what a God-loving girl I am. I am not.

I am really thankful for my religious upbringing and the high moral standards it gave me. But I have no feeling left for my religion. My church-school teacher, an elderly man whom I just adore, said that if any of us in his class did not have the firm belief that Christ was resurrected from the dead he should leave. I certainly do not have that necessary belief, but I sat still because it would be unthinkable for me to walk out. I do not believe most of the teachings of my church.

At a camp last summer, Brotherhood USA, I met many different people and ways of life. An interesting Buddhist man gave me a list of books, most of which I have read. I feel I am growing in many ways. I firmly believe in the equality of man and practice my belief as well as I can. I respect true Christians immensely, but cannot stand Christian bigots.

I really feel bad about being deceitful and labeling myself a Christian, while rebelling against so much I hear in church.—D.P.

I do not believe you are a hypocrite at all. Your faith is very rich and deep. It shows in the ways which count most: a warmhearted sensitivity to the feelings of those around you, a solid commitment to your vocation as student, a disciplined character, a determination to understand and appreciate persons across faith barriers, and impatience with narrow and dogmatic theological ideas.

I hope you realize that the Christian family has room for more than one intellectual formulation of the faith. Since your local church seems to be unduly restrictive, why not begin to look around for a church which encourages your inquiring spirit? You may not be able to make the shift

now, but after graduation it should be possible.

Q&A

I am a girl, 12. My mother wants me to read the book you mentioned, **Facts of Life and Love for Teen-agers,** *by Evelyn Millis Duvall. Can you tell us where to get a copy?—R.D.*

Unfortunately, the book you want is out of print, although some Cokesbury Book Stores or Regional Service Centers may still have a few copies. Association Press has a revised and updated version by Dr. Duvall at 95¢ titled *Love and the Facts of Life*. Another good substitute is *Sex and the Teen-ager* by Ralph and Shirley Benner (McFadden Books, 60¢). Your pastor has the address of the nearest Cokesbury Book Store or Regional Service Center stocking them.

A good pamphlet, called *Finding Yourself*, may be ordered for 30¢ a copy from the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., 60610.

Q&A

I am a girl of 13. I feel left out and different from the friends in my neighborhood because everybody I know has a dog for a pet. I am the only one that doesn't. I want a dog more than anything else in the world. A long time ago we had two of them and all the neighbors complained. Now all the neighbors have dogs and nobody complains. Every time I ask my parents if we can have a dog, the answer is no! Can you help?—S.S.

If it will help, tell your folks I think you should by all means have a dog. You might try the approach my children always use. They soulfully plead: "If you will just get us a pet, we will take care of him all by ourselves." Of course, they hardly ever do, but using that approach they have gotten us to buy several dogs, 14 cats, and various assorted turtles, fish, and birds. We even have a cricket cage, but so far, no cricket.

Q&A

I am a girl, 18. A year ago my ex-boyfriend and I were parking beside the road. A policeman caught us and took down our names and addresses, although he didn't take us home to our parents. I know that this was wrong, and I have asked God's forgiveness. What worries me now is whether I have to claim this as a police record when I apply for a job. This is very important to me, because I want to apply for a civil-service job this summer, and after college I want to join the Peace Corps. Will such a stupid mistake as I have made keep me from all this, and be with me the rest of my life?—S.K.

A police warning of the type you received is not the same as arrest and conviction, and need not be mentioned on job applications. If you still worry about it, ask the school guidance counselor to talk with a local judge for you. Your experience does illustrate the importance of living with one eye on the future.

Q&A

I'm a high-school student who is having an affair with a teacher. He is 24 years older than I am, married, and has two kids of his own. We are terribly in love with each other, and we meet on weekends so we can be alone. This started out as a "huge friendship," as he called it, but it soon developed into something more. I am concerned that I may someday be the cause of a divorce and hurt his wife and children, but I have an even bigger fear that I'm not going to be able to leave him in a year and a half. I know this is wrong, but I've never been so happy, nor has he.

Please help, but please do not tell me to forget him. I'm a little confused.—J.P.

One of the Greek words used in the Bible to point to a sinful condition is the same word they used for a boat which had come loose from its moorings and drifted away. I cannot help believing you have drifted far away from your intended destiny. It will not be easy to get back. It is time you started planning your strategy as to how to do this with the least hurt to all concerned. A good place to begin is to seek out the wisest head you can find to help you to think straight. Believe it or not, this is probably your mother. It may be a pastor or trusted youth worker. Begin thinking about it, because you are going to need some help to get your feelings straightened out and your life back in order.

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Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens Together. *Write to him c/o* TOGETHER, *Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.*—EDITORS

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THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

With nurse Laura Chevrin, an Algeria missionary 40 years, Dr. Dierwechter makes rounds of village homes.

Il-Maten's

Do-It-Yourself Doctor

INTO ALGERIA's "valley of blood" four years ago rode a young American doctor and his nurse-wife. Their aim: to bring a ministry of modern medicine in the name of Christ to an area inhabited by some 60,000 Muslims.

Dr. Ronald Dierwechter and his wife, Jewell, were newlyweds of less than four months when the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (MCOR) sent them to the mountain village of Il-Maten in March, 1963. They had met and married in Liberia where both served earlier mission assignments.

At Il-Maten, about 100 miles east of Algiers, they found a former Methodist girls home and school, abandoned by missionaries in 1955 and occupied by French troops during the seven-year Algerian war for independence. Intense fighting which repeatedly rocked the Soummam Valley below the village gave it its grisly "valley of blood" designation. The region, known as Kabylia, is the center of Algeria's non-Arab Berber population.

Joining two European Methodist nurses already in Il-Maten, Ron and Jewell Dierwechter set about to transform the former school into a dispensary and a five-bed hospital. Within six months they were treating a stream of patients, even performing surgical operations two days a week. In 1965 construction began on a new 35-bed hospital which now is in full use—built, equipped, and staffed in large part by the 31-year-old doctor himself.

In the new style of Christian missions to Muslim lands, the Dierwechters have not attempted to change the Islamic faith of their patients or of the young Kabyles who work with them. "Our highest hope," says Jewell, "is that from the hospital and from the people who work in it will come love and concern as Christ has showed these to us."

Opening of the new hospital (right) caused rumors that many medical specialists were headquartered there. As the lone doctor serving Il-Maten, Ron Dierwechter shares the problem common to all of Algeria's few medics. Their offices are jammed by patients seeking cures for a variety of ills—real and imagined.

All construction on the new hospital was done by hand. A missionary architect came to supervise the $150,000 project at its start, but Dr. Dierwechter directed the later work himself, giving on-the-job training to unskilled Il-Maten laborers as the work progressed. Funds came from the Methodist Board of Missions World Division which took over support of the work after MCOR's first-year investment.

In 1966, before finishing touches (such as paint) were put on the building, the staff moved in. Boxes and crates served as desks, tables, bedside stands. The first premature baby was placed in a hastily improvised incubator—an up-ended medicine cabinet warmed by a Bunsen burner. Its replacement, also built by Dr. Dierwechter to his own specifications, uses parts of a baby-chick brooder, aluminum framing, and plexiglass and has a thermostatically controlled gas heating unit. (A conventional electric incubator would be valueless since electricity is generated only 12 hours a day.) The young doctor also installed the gasoline generator which produces the

The Dierwechters clean fresh Mediterranean shrimp while two-year-old Tatiana keeps them laughing. Usually, they eat with the hospital staff.

Assisted by a young Kabyle, Dr. Dierwechter performs an emergency operation—and baby-sits Tatiana at the same time.

electricity, as well as the plumbing, central heating, and gas systems.

As in the building of the hospital, on-the-job training was the answer to staffing it. Among the young people who do ward nursing, assist in surgery, manage the laundry, and prepare the food are girls who were tending sheep on nearby hillsides when the Dierwechters came to Il-Maten. A 16-year-old youth who now is in charge of the supply room languished without work in a village hovel then.

From 10,000 to 15,000 outpatients a year receive the hospital's services. While the majority of ailments are minor (and some imagined), many patients have urgent needs—cancer, heart disease, too-long-neglected infections and injuries. Anemia, common to Kabyle women, aggravates pregnancies, and many babies born prematurely fail to survive.

Acceptance of the Dierwechters by their Muslim patients came cautiously at first. Jewell achieved a special rapport with her neighbors the day in 1965 when the first of the couple's two children was born.

The new mother wrote: "Tatiana awakened to her first day of life surrounded by Kabyle women, singing, dancing, and shouting '*Humdoola!*'—their arms laden with olive oil, eggs, and pastries. It brought a new awareness to me, for here was a room filled with women whom I suddenly knew. We shared a common bond that neither culture, race, creed, nor any other barrier could touch."

As far as Ron is concerned, "Our local relationships couldn't be better," and he is determined that the hospital offer Kabylia's deprived people medical care of a "stainless steel quality" not a "chipped enamel" sort. He put it less figuratively when he said, "The amount of money the church invests here should be concerned with the amount of the need, not with how much it would increase our 'success' in a Muslim land."

—Ernestine C. Cofield

Ron installed the electrical generating system, but now two young Swiss technicians are in charge of maintenance.

A premature twin is fed inside the incubator Ron built to use gas instead of electricity which is produced but 12 hours a day.

This ill woman probably has not changed clothes in 20 years. She lives off neighbors' charity. Ron rarely has time to make house calls.

Horace Bushnell on:

Christian Nurture

Horace Bushnell respected tradition but was not bound by it. Born into a family of mixed religious backgrounds, he escaped the rigid Calvinism typical of New England 100 years ago. After serving as tutor at Yale University, his alma mater, he became pastor of North Church in Hartford and spent most of his life there. "Be perfectly honest in forming your opinions," he once told his students. His own honesty led him to build a theology on new foundations. The popular Connecticut preacher became spokesman for a major new outlook that took into account the developments of the modern age. He criticized 19th-century revivalism because he felt it counted family and church for nothing in religious experience. Bushnell's book, *Christian Nurture,* from which these excerpts are taken, stirred severe attack when published in 1847. But this and other writings made him an emancipator in Protestant theology. There are lessons for today in the approach of this "keen but sweet-tempered controversialist."—*Editors*

WHAT IS THE true idea of Christian education? I answer in the following proposition, which will be the aim of my argument: *that the child is to grow up a Christian.*

In other words, the aim, effort and expectation should be, not that the child is to grow up in sin, to be converted after he comes to a mature age; but that he is to open on the world as one that is spiritually renewed; not remembering the time when he went through a technical experience but seeming, rather, to have loved what is good from his earliest years. I do not affirm that every child may, in fact and without exception, be so trained that he certainly will grow up a Christian.

This doctrine is not a novelty, now rashly and for the first time propounded. It is as old as the Christian church, and prevails extensively at the present day in other parts of the world.

A child acts out his present feelings, the feelings of the moment, without qualification or disguise. And how would you appear if you were to do the same? Will you expect of them to be better and more constant and consistent than yourselves? Or will you rather expect them to be children, human children still, living a mixed life, trying out the good and evil of the world and preparing, as older Christians do when they have taken a lesson of sorrow and emptiness, to turn again to the true good?

Besides, you must not assume that we, in this age, are the best Christians that ever lived, or most likely to produce all the fruits of piety. An assumption so pleasing to our vanity is more easily made than verified, but vanity is the weakest as it is the cheapest of all arguments. We have some good points, in which we compare favorably with other Christians, and Christians of other times, but our style of piety is sadly deficient in many respects. For some reason, we do not make a Christian atmosphere about us—do not

Excerpted from Views of Christian Nurture and of Subjects Adjacent Thereto *by Horace Bushnell (Hartford, 1847).*—EDITORS

produce the conviction that we are living unto God. There is a marvelous want of savor in our piety. It is a flower of autumn, colored as highly as it need be to the eye, but destitute of fragrance.

It is too much to hope that, with such an instrument, we can fulfill the true idea of Christian education. Any such hope were even presumptuous. At the same time, there is no so ready way of removing the deficiencies just described, as to recall our churches to their duties in domestic life; those humble, daily, hourly duties, where the spirit we breathe shall be a perpetual element of power and love bathing the life of childhood.

There is then, as the subject appears to us:

1. No absurdity in supposing that children are to grow up in Christ. On the other hand, if there is no absurdity, there is a very clear moral incongruity in setting up a contrary supposition to be the aim of a system of Christian education. There could not be a worse or more baleful implication given to a child than that he is to reject God and all holy principle till he has come to a mature age.

But my child is a sinner, you will say. And how can I expect him to begin a right life until God gives him a new heart?

This is the common way of speaking, and I state the objection in its own phraseology, that it may recognize itself. Who then has told you that a child cannot have the new heart of which you speak? And why should it be thought incredible that there should be some really good principle awakened in the mind of the child?

For this is all that is implied in a Christian state. The Christian is one who has simply begun to love what is good for its own sake. And why should it be thought impossible for a child to have this love begotten in him?

2. It is to be expected that Christian education will radically differ from that which is not Christian.

We certainly know that much of what is called Christian nurture only serves to make the subject of religion odious, and that, as nearly as we can discover, in exact proportion to the amount of religious teaching received. And no small share of the difficulty to be overcome afterwards, in the struggle of conversion, is created in just this way.

On the other hand you will hear, for example, of cases like the following: A young man, correctly but not religiously brought up, light and gay in his manners, and thoughtless hitherto in regard to anything of a serious nature, happens accidentally one Sunday, while his friends are gone to ride, to take down a book on the evidences of Christianity. His eye, floating over one of the pages, becomes fixed, and he is surprised to find his feelings flowing out strangely into its holy truths. He is conscious of no struggle of hostility, but a new joy dawns in his being. Henceforth, to the end of a long and useful life, he is a Christian man.

3. It is a fact that all Christian parents would like to see their children grow up in piety. And the better Christians they are, the more earnestly they desire it. And the more lovely and constant the Christian spirit they manifest, the more likely is it that their children will early display the Christian character.

4. Assuming the corruption of human nature, when should we think it wisest to undertake or expect a remedy?

Never is it too early for good to be communicated. Infancy and childhood are the ages most pliant to good. And who can think it necessary that the plastic nature of childhood must first be hardened into stone, and stiffened into enmity towards God and all duty, before it can become a candidate for Christian character!

The growth of Christian virtue is no vegetable process, no mere onward development. It involves a struggle with evil, a fall and rescue. The soul becomes established in holy virtue, as a free exercise, only as it is passed round the corner of fall and redemption, ascending thus unto God through a double experience in which it learns the bitterness of evil and the worth of good, fighting its way out of one and achieving the other as a victory.

5. It is implied in all our religious philosophy that if a child ever does anything in a right spirit, ever loves anything because it is good and right, it involves the dawn of a new life.

The child must not only be touched with some gentle emotions towards what is right, but he must love it with a fixed love, love it for the sake of its principle, receive it as a vital and formative power. Nor is there any age, which offers itself to God's truth and love, and to that quickening spirit whence all good proceeds, with so much of ductile feeling and susceptibilities so tender.

The child is under parental authority, too, for the very purpose, it would seem, of having the otherwise abstract principle of all duty impersonated in his parents and thus brought home to his practical embrace. Learning to obey his parents in the Lord because it is right, he may thus receive, before he can receive it intellectually, the principle of all piety and holy obedience.

6. Children have been so trained as never to remember the time when they began to be religious.

There has been much speculation, of late, as to whether a child is born in depravity or whether the depraved character is superinduced afterwards. But, like many other great questions, it determines much less than is commonly supposed. For, according to the most proper view of the subject, a child is really not born till he emerges from the infantile state, and never before that time can be said to receive a separate and properly individual nature.

The tendency of all our modern speculations is to an extreme individualism, and we carry our doctrines of free will so far as to make little or nothing of organic laws; not observing that character may be, to a great extent, only the free development of exercises

previously wrought in us, or extended to us, when other wills had us within their sphere.

We have much to say also, in common with the Baptists, about the beginning of moral agency. A child is to be regarded at the first as lying within the moral agency of the parent, and passing out by degrees through a course of mixed agency to a proper independency and self-possession.

The supposition that he becomes, at some certain moment, a complete moral agent, which a moment before he was not, is clumsy and has no agreement with observation. The separation is gradual. He is never, at any moment after birth, to be regarded as perfectly beyond the sphere of good and bad exercises. For the parent exercises himself in the child, playing his emotions and sentiments and working a character in him by virtue of an organic power.

And this is the very idea of Christian education, that it begins with nurture or cultivation. And the intention is that the Christian life and spirit of the parents shall flow into the mind of the child, to blend with his incipient and half-formed exercises. They shall thus beget their own good within him, their thoughts, opinions, faith and love, which are to become a little more, and yet a little more, his own separate exercise, but still the same in character.

The contrary assumption, that virtue must be the product of separate and absolutely independent choice, is pure assumption. As regards the measure of personal merit and demerit, it is doubtless true that every subject of God is to be responsible only for what is his own. But virtue still is rather a state of being than an act or series of acts. And if we look at the causes which induce or prepare such a state, the will of the person himself may have a part among those causes more or less important, and it works no absurdity to suppose that one may be even prepared to such a state by causes prior to his own will. So that when he sets off to act for himself, his struggle and duty may be rather to sustain and perfect the state begun than to produce a new one.

Certain it is that we are never, at any age, so independent as to be wholly out of the reach of organic laws which affect our character. All society is organic—the church, the state, the school, the family—and there is a spirit in each of these organisms peculiar to itself, and more or less hostile, more or less favorable to religious character, and to some extent, at least, sovereign over the individual man. The child is only more within the power of organic laws than we all are.

We possess only a mixed individuality all our life long. A pure, separate, individual man, living wholly within and from himself, is mere fiction. No such person ever existed, or ever can. I need not say that this view of an organic connection of character, subsisting between parent and child, lays a basis for notions of Christian education far different from those which now prevail, under the cover of a merely fictitious and mischievous individualism.

The strong language I have used concerning the organic connection of character between the parent and the child is not designed to assert a power in the parent to renew the child, or that the child can be renewed by an agency of the Spirit less immediate than that which renews the parent himself.

When a germ is formed on the stem of any plant, the formative instinct of the plant may be said in one view to produce it. But the same solar heat which quickens the plant must quicken also the germ and sustain the internal action of growth by a common presence in both. So if there be an organic power of character in the parent, such as that of which I have spoken, it is not a complete power in itself, but only such a power as demands the realizing presence of the Spirit of God, both in the parent and the child, to give it effect. . . .

Christian parents should begin with a kind of teaching suited to the age of the child. First of all, they should rather seek to teach a feeling than a doctrine, to bathe the child in their own feeling of love to God, and dependence on him, bearing up their child's heart in their own, not fearing to encourage every good motion they can call into exercise; to make what is good, happy and attractive; what is wrong, odious and hateful. Then as the understanding advances, give it food suited to its capacity.

Sometimes Christian parents fail of success in the religious training of their children because the church counteracts their effort and example. The church makes a bad atmosphere about the house and the poison comes in at the doors and windows. It is rent by divisions, burnt up by fanaticism, frozen by the chill of a worldly spirit, petrified in a rigid and dead orthodoxy. It makes no element of genial warmth and love about the child, according to the intention of Christ in its appointment, but gives to religion, rather, a forbidding aspect. Thus, instead of assisting the parent, [the church] becomes one of the worst impediments to his success. . . .

We preach too much, and live Christ too little. We do many things, which, in a cooler mood, are seen to hurt the dignity of religion, and which somewhat shame and sicken ourselves. Hence the present state of religion in our country. We have worked a vein till it has run out. The churches are exhausted. There is little to attract them when they look upon the renewal of scenes through which many of them have passed. They look about them, with a sigh, to ask if possibly there is no better way, and some are ready to find that better way in a change of their religion.

Nothing different from this ought to have been expected. No nation can long thrive by a spirit of conquest; no more can a church. There must be an internal growth that is made by holy industry in the common walks of life and duty. Let us turn now, not away from revivals of religion, certainly not away from the conviction that God will bring upon the churches tides of spiritual exercise and vary his divine culture by times and seasons suited to their advancement; but let us turn to inquire whether there is not a fund of increase in the very bosom of the church itself. Let us try if we may not train up our children in the way that they should go. □

Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY
BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

BARBARA Tuchman is a historian of some note and has written some popular (in the best sense) historical books such as *The Guns of August* and *The Proud Tower.* She has a flair for writing history with a sense of drama, and she knows how to write plain English.

In an article in a recent *Saturday Review,* she speaks of the decline of the novel in our time. People are always talking about this subject, and I suspect that from the time the first real novel was produced, there have been critics telling us that it was not as good as it ought to be and not as good as it has been. It is like preaching—every generation looks back on the great artists of the past and bewails their absence in the present.

Nevertheless, she has a point. The novel as a form of literature is more lightly regarded today than at other times. And certainly in comparison with the amount of fiction that is published each year, the number of novels which you want to put in your library is mighty small. Great novels are not possible without great convictions, and we seem to be fresh out of them.

Miss Tuchman's interpretation of this phenomenon, however, is especially interesting. She says this is the time for historians to come into their own. People are interested in reading about what has happened and in finding some interpretation of it. This is a great day, therefore, for the historian whose works are not as dry as dust. He may usurp the novelist's place if he can write.

This is by way of an introduction to the novel I want to talk about this month: **THE DECLINE OF THE WEST** by **David Caute** *(Macmillan, $7.95).* The author is both novelist and historian, and in this book, both interests have their chance for free expression.

If you were looking for a locale to deal with the race problem, violence, torture, revolution and, of course, sex, you could do no better than to go to Africa—and that is exactly what this young writer has done. Here is the story of revolution and rebellion against colonialism in Coppernica. This fictional African country with its mining interests, quarreling political leaders, and murders is suggestive of the Congo and its troubles.

Feeling that a story confined to one place might grow tiresome, the author uses flashbacks in the lives of the main characters to take us to other continents. So we are taken to America, along the East Coast down into the South. We also go to Edinburgh in Scotland and glimpse its slums and its slum people. We go to Paris and learn what happens to a young African in love with a French girl. In other words, it has almost anything that you might be looking for in the way of environment and social conditions.

The whole book revolves around Raymond Tukahomada, a popular hero and revolutionary leader, and Amah Odouma, who is his second in command and an intellectual educated in Paris. Their problems are overwhelming; and after they have established themselves, they are betrayed by their own unwillingness to arrest the opposition leaders lest they be accused of an undemocratic spirit and lack of faith in the people.

There is the French commandant, Andre Laval, head of a mercenary army being paid by a Frenchman, Plon, whose only desire is to hang onto the copper company and continue to increase its fortune. Laval is a psychological mess and stands as a symbol of the ruthless torturers of our time. He fought in the Resistance and was tortured by the Nazis. Now he has become a sadist. His sexual life is one huge perversion, and we are led to the various events which turned him into what he is.

Soames Tufton is an English financier with all the culture of the English upper class but concerned only with power and wealth. He has with him James Caffrey, a young idealist and protégé haunted by the memory of his brother, a pacifist who had died for ideals.

Chester Silk has great investments in the copper mines and is also the American ambassador to Coppernica. His righthand man who really knows something about the job is Powell Bailey, a Negro diplomat, whose son Jason is in love with Zoe Silk, a very beautiful girl. The main romance of the book is between the Negro boy and the white girl—and it is the weakest part of it so far as I am concerned. It never quite rings true to me as Zoe and Jason travel through the South together, searching for something never clear and which they never find. Jason is a sensitive Harvard graduate who really is not up to filling the image of a hard-boiled Negro leader. He is a rather pitiful, weak young man to the end.

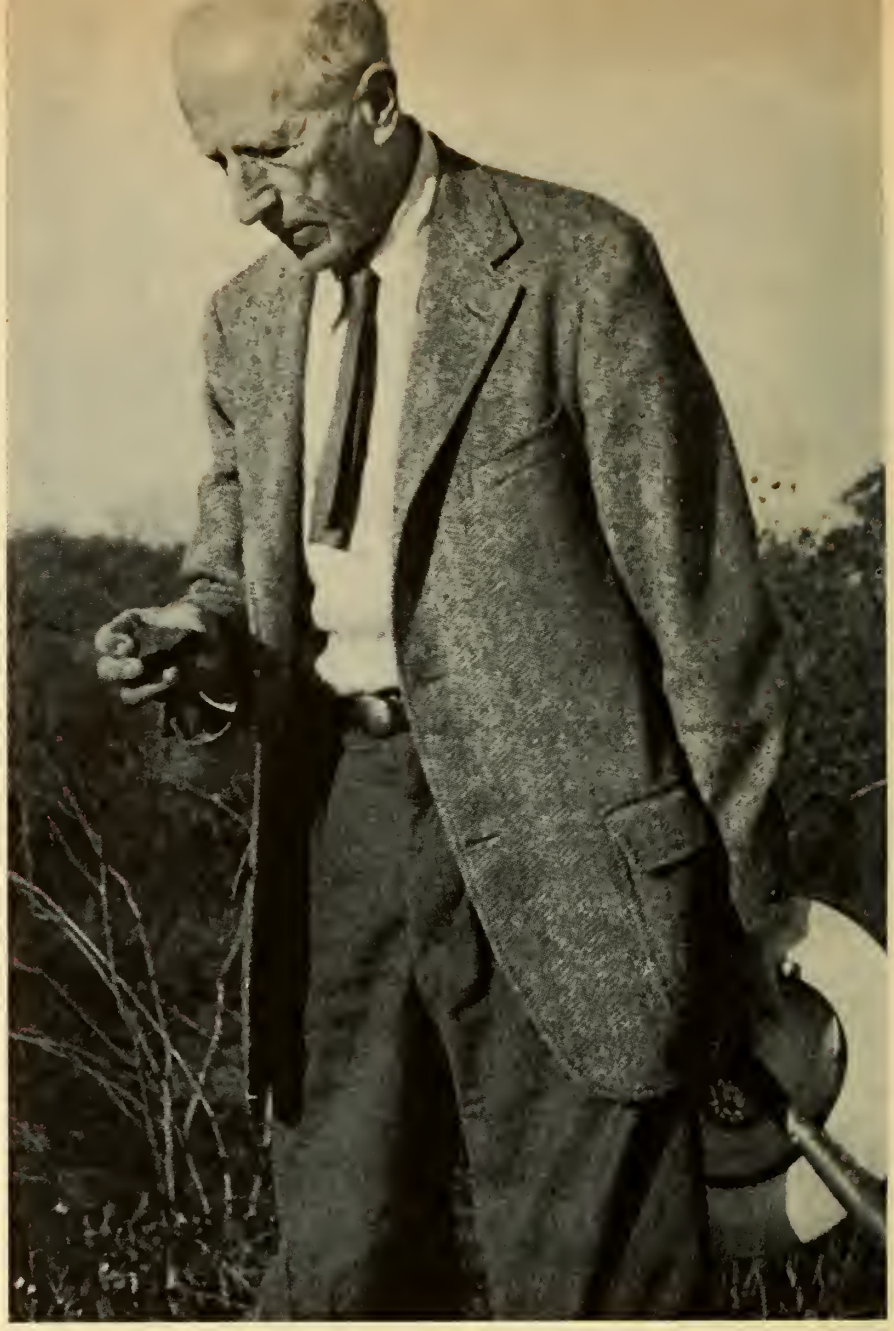
The book moves along with ease for David Caute is an artistic writer. My final reaction was that it is almost too full of too much, as if the author had tried to bring everything within one story. I read sermons like this once in a while which are full of brilliance and excitement but lack the artistic quality of limitation.

Anyone who reads this book will have a more understanding point of view so far as the new African nations are concerned. Perhaps we will have more sympathy for the national leaders who seem, from newspaper reports, to do such foolish things and to be forever fighting one another. National revolutions are never the neat affairs we expect them to be and if we have any doubt about this, *The Decline of the West* makes it clear.

The author, by his title, seems to be suggesting that the fumbling around in this situation by the Americans and the English may mean that the future is not ours. This is Spenglerian interpretation which is not labored in the story itself but is given to us in the words of the title. It is a far above average book and, besides being full of Mickey Spillane echoes, it has a moral point of view about what is happening to our civilization. I do not like what it reveals but I had better not shut my eyes to it. Perhaps you will feel the same.

Next month I will try to find something less depressing. In the meantime, remember that God is not dead and that he will be very glad to see you every Sunday in the worship service of your church. □

Looks at NEW BOOKS



Father Teilhard examines a stone implement in Northern Rhodesia. Nearly 25 years earlier, he was a discoverer of the skull of Peking Man, then the earliest-known man. From the Teilhard de Chardin Album.

I WISH I knew more about biology, for a large part of the case for transformism which **Pierre Teilhard de Chardin** builds up in ***The Vision of the Past*** (Harper & Row, $5) is beyond me. The philosophy to which it leads, however, is possible to grasp. And exciting.

Father Teilhard, a Jesuit priest who was a renowned paleontologist and a remarkable, creative thinker, died in 1955, but his writing had piled up unpublished because his church proscribed it. Finally freed for publication and appearing in a succession of books, it has emerged as an optimistic expression of love of God and faith in the world.

He believed in transformism, which was, in his words: ". . . the vision simply of an organic universe, and more especially an organic world, whose parts are physically linked together both in their appearance and their destiny."

He believed the human race has reached a crisis point in its evolution but, nevertheless: ". . . the crisis we are passing through bears the 'positive sign.' Its characteristics are not those of a break-up but of a birth."

He was an exceptional man. A memorial volume, ***Teilhard de Chardin Album*** (Harper & Row, $12.95), compiled and edited by **Jeanne Mortier** and **Marie-Louise Auboux**, gives us a pictorial record of his life accompanied by quotations from his letters. The pictures, many of them, are magnificent, but the quotations express only a small part of his thought.

Martin Luther believed we are justified by faith, and thus in faith all works become equal, but he did not rule out good works. He believed that the Christian living in the faith has no need of a teacher of good works, "but he does whatever the occasion calls for, and all is well done."

Luther's *Treatise on Good Works*, written in 1520, appears in Volume 44 of the American Edition of ***Luther's Works: The Christian in Society*** (Fortress Press, $7), and this volume also contains the Reformation leader's sermon on marriage, delivered in 1519. These and some other shorter writings have been translated by James Atkinson into such contemporary English that it is hard to believe they were written in Germany more than 400 years ago.

Marriage, in Luther's eyes, consists of a man and a woman giving themselves to each other not for their own desire or gratification but for each other's need and welfare. That, he said, was the right kind of love.

But more than a relationship between man and woman, marriage's chief end purpose is to bear and rear children, Luther believed. Permissive parents might give some serious thought to his ideas about bringing up children. "It is of the greatest importance for every married man to pay closer, more thorough, and continuous attention to the health of his child's soul than to the body which he has begotten, and to regard his child as nothing else but an eternal treasure God has commanded him to protect, and so prevent the world, the

flesh, and the devil from stealing the child away and bringing him to destruction." This protection demanded the use of the rod, Luther believed, and his sermon included three quotations from Proverbs on sparing the rod and spoiling the child.

After the public controversy that preceded it, the actual publication of ***The Death of a President*** (Harper & Row, $10) is almost an anticlimax. But four fifths of **William Manchester's** book has not appeared in the excerpts published in magazine form, and the excerpts themselves take on a different complexion when they appear in the context of the book.

This is not to say that Manchester has written the authoritative, accurate, definitive history he set out to write, and that he was asked to write by John F. Kennedy's widow and his brother Robert shortly after the assassination. It contains serious errors. Probably this is because the author relied too heavily on the personal recollections of members of the Kennedy family and others who were close to the murdered President. These people were in shock during the hours and days following that shattering moment on a Dallas street. Recollection is an unreliable thing at best, and when shock and grief are involved, it becomes torturously tricky.

In Manchester's book, consequently, John F. Kennedy becomes more myth than man, which is something less than he deserved. The account of his death at Parkland Hospital, the swearing in of the new President, and the return to Washington aboard the presidential plane is a record of total hysteria that makes the Kennedys and the Johnsons, and the people surrounding them, look so bad that you wonder how the nation could survive under such leadership. And as the book moves on to the wake in which the whole world joined, it drops into heavy sentimentality. It is, in fact, damaging to everybody concerned. And the tragedy is that everybody probably acted in good faith and with the best of intentions.

For an antidote, I turned to ***The Truth About the Assassination*** (Grosset & Dunlap, $1). This is an unimpressive looking but important paperback by **Charles Roberts**, one of the two White House correspondents who were aboard Air Force One on that trip from Dallas back to Washington. Roberts' report is as bracing as Manchester's is disheartening. He describes the Vice-President who suddenly became President as "careful, correct, considerate, and compassionate," and his actions at a time when no one knew the full implications of the assassination as "a masterpiece of cool-headed improvisation."

Charlie Roberts, whom I knew during his newspaper days in Chicago, is a cool-headed man himself, and a level-eyed, accurate reporter. He has compassion for Manchester, who, he feels, simply became too involved in the events he was writing about. However, he is hard on the authors of books that have been critical of the Warren Commission findings, and hard on the critics who have reviewed them favorably.

"The truth about the assassination of John F. Kennedy," he says dryly, "is that the Warren Commission reached the only conclusions that are tenable to reasonable men. That truth, extracted and distilled from the 10,400,000 words in its hearings, is borne out by the hard, physical evidence as well as the most credible eyewitness testimony . . . An additional truth is that the critics of the Commission Report have neither raised questions nor produced new evidence that could alter the Commission's findings."

Half of all high-school graduates go to college—but well over half of those who go either drop out before they get degrees or transfer to other colleges. This dropping out and transferring is largely because the wrong colleges are chosen in the first place.

If the choice of a college is coming up in your family, you can save a lot of time and money by consulting the new revised edition of ***Barron's Profiles of American Colleges*** (Barron's Educational Series, $3.95, paper; $8.75, cloth) before you start sending for catalogs or making visits to campuses. This guidebook, by former *New York Times* education editor **Benjamin Fine**, gives the basic facts about more than 1,100 four-year colleges and universities.

If you are looking for a junior college or a vocational or technical school, ***Barron's Guide to the Two-Year Colleges*** (Barron's Educational Series, $3.50, paper; $5.25, cloth) will answer most of your questions about them. **Seymour Eskow**, president of Rockland Community College, Suffern, N.Y., reports on 859 junior and community colleges, and vocational and technical institutions. Two-year schools are springing up all over the country, partly in response to the overcrowding of the four-year schools, and partly because it is more and more evident that a high-school education simply is not enough preparation for many of today's jobs.

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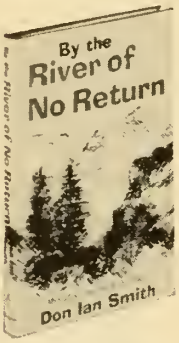

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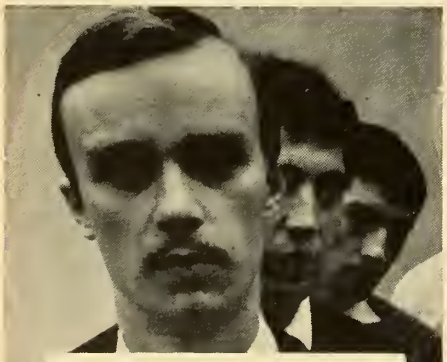

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tors remind his parents in *Guiding Your Child Toward College* (Abingdon, $3.50).

This book, which carries through the selection of a college and the student's freshman year, goes into specifics about college preparation and speaks constantly about the importance of helping the growing child develop self-reliance and maturity. The role of the teacher and counselor is stressed, and parents are urged to realize that decisions for the child should be reached in co-operation with the child and his teachers or counselors.

The authors, all parents as well as educators, are **Charles A. Bucher**, professor of education at New York University; **Helmuth W. Joel**, guidance counselor in the Bronxville, N.Y., school system; and **Gertrude A. Joel**, a teacher in Bronxville High School.

"There is no Negro problem in America," says Lerone Bennett, Jr., in *The White Problem in America* (Johnson, $3.50). "The problem of race in America, insofar as that problem is related to packets of melanin in men's skins, is a white problem. And in order to solve that problem we must seek its source, not in the Negro but in the white American (in the process by which he was educated, in the needs and complexes he expresses through racism) and in the structure of the white community . . ."

The essays in this book, all by Negro leaders and writers, appeared first in a special issue of *Ebony* magazine. "The reaction [to the issue] was quick and, to our great delight, positive," said Herbert Nipson, managing editor. "Many whites who had never seen the magazine before bought it, read it, and searched their souls."

Authors did some rewriting of the essays for the book, which was compiled by the **Editors of Ebony**. Authors of chapters include James Baldwin, John O. Killens, Whitney M. Young, Jr., Carl T. Rowan, Louis E. Lomax, Kenneth B. Clark, the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., and various *Ebony* staff writers.

The White Problem in America digs deep into all aspects of Negro and white relationships and was meant to shock white America. It will, but it should be required reading of every paleface.

America's pioneering past has given us Americans certain characteristics we would not have had if our ancestors had lived in a stay-put society. Among these are inventiveness, an itching foot, and wastefulness.

Frederick Jackson Turner advanced this Frontier Hypothesis in the late 1800's, and a contemporary historian, **Ray Allen Billington**, uses modern research in history and the social sciences to test it in *America's Frontier Heritage* (Holt Rinehart Winston, $7.95). By another writer, such a meticulous examination of evidence might be too scholarly, but Ray Billington's writing has the swiftness and grace of a high-wire walker.

It is important for us to understand why people think and act as they do, he believes: "If peoples everywhere can recognize that other peoples must behave in differing ways, world frictions will be lessened."

In *Overcharge* (McKay, $5.95), U.S. Senator **Lee Metcalf** and his executive secretary **Vic Reinemer** consider the electric bills received by customers of municipally owned and investor-owned power utilities and conclude that the latter are too high.

Most householders would agree that all electric bills are too high, I suppose, but I do not think the two Montanans explain adequately why there is such a difference in electric rates across the country—they do not get deeply enough into the varying costs of producing electricity. Nor, in their warm commendation of municipal electric utilities, do they pay much attention to the taxes that would be lost if all private power companies should suddenly become municipally owned.

They do go into some interesting detail about the difference between profits the private utilities are permitted by regulation and the profits they allege are earned. They highlight stock options the investor-owned companies offer to key employees, with accompanying tax advantages. And they are concerned about heavy contributions made to extreme right-wing groups that too often are itemized as "operating expenses" and thus passed on *in toto* to the consumer.

Overcharge is a controversial book, and it probably will satisfy nobody. However, it is about something that touches every one of us, and it deserves thoughtful reading.

"Dear God, We are going on vacation for two weeks frieday So we wont be in church. I hope you will be there when we get back, when do you take your vacation. Goodbye, Donnie."

If you are an adult, you may smile at *Children's Letters to God* (Pocket Books, $1), but the beliefs revealed in the letters **Eric Marshall** and **Stuart Hample** compiled for this sprightly little book are not very much more naïve than some of the beliefs grown-ups hold. And the wisdom is profound.

Take Morton, who was going on a trip with his mother. "We are sup-

posed to fly but my Mommy is scared to go," he confided to God. "Maybe you better come with us."

In all, this is a delightful book for the young-in-heart.

"I am a part of all that I have met," wrote Tennyson in *Ulysses*. Equally, all that we meet must inevitably become a part of ourselves. Thus, ***A Law Unto Themselves*** (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95) is as much a portrait of **C. Northcote Parkinson** as it is of the 12 people he writes about.

The 12 are all men and women of ability, individuality, and influence. It is a pity, Parkinson thinks, that this breed of generalists is fading from politics. There has never been an age, he mourns, when men of thought and action have mattered less and bureaucracy more.

"Would you really have died of a broken heart if Mom hadn't married you?"

Before the year 1400, Europeans had sailed over only 7 percent of the waters of the earth. Legends about the mysterious Atlantic warned of flying dragons lurking in its fogs. If you sailed too far out, you might fall off. If you were white and sailed into the Torrid Zone, the sun would turn you black.

Back in the 11th century, the king of Denmark had spoken of an island in the ocean called Vinland, but only the Icelandic sagas, the stories handed down by word of mouth, gave the Vikings credit for setting foot on the shores of what was to become known as the New World. And even the fierce, warlike Vikings had been driven away from Vinland by the natives.

Then came an Italian sailor named Christopher Columbus. On a journey that took him to Ireland he saw two castaways who made him ponder deeply. They probably were Finns or Laplanders, but their flat faces convinced Columbus they were men of Cathay. And if men of China could voyage east to Europe, he reasoned, why could not men of Europe sail west to China?

George Sanderlin weaves portions of the Icelandic sagas, of Columbus's own journals, and of other documents into an absorbing narrative of discovery in ***Across the Ocean Sea*** (Harper & Row, $4.95). Young readers will find it fascinating, and their parents will find history here that never was taught when they went to school.

Robert Payne, who seems to write compellingly on almost any subject, gives young adults a swift-moving, colorful history of the first 1,300 years of the Christian faith in ***The Christian Centuries*** (Norton, $8.95).

He calls those years the Christian centuries because it was then that Christianity "was a creative force in Europe, moving men's minds and working fiercely on their spirits."

Readers who are unfamiliar with Methodist history might have a little trouble following ***Francis Asbury*** (Abingdon, $5). Nevertheless, this biography by **L. C. Rudolph** is highly readable and includes many quotes from Asbury's own *Journal*.

Dr. Rudolph's wit is dry, and his chapter on Asbury's impatience with people who did not have sense enough to be Methodists is the more amusing because the author himself is on the faculty of a Presbyterian seminary.

Joy to the World (Little, Brown, $3.95) is a collection of Christmas stories gathered from Arabia, Serbia, Ireland, and Spain by **Ruth Sawyer**. They are interspersed by carols and illustrated delightfully by Trina Schart Hyman. This is an outstanding book for boys and girls who are eight or older, and if it seems odd that I mention this book in June instead of December, just remember that the coming of Christ was to all men, of all times.

Author-artist **Roger Bradfield** has a refreshing formula for turning out engaging books for the very young. He insists on combining text and illustrations in a way that will stimulate the child's imagination. And, since he knows parents and teachers must read his stories aloud to small fry, he includes elements of interest and humor for them.

The result is the Jolly Roger Books. Two recent ones are ***Giants Come in Different Sizes*** (Rand McNally, $2.95) and ***The Flying Hockey Stick*** (Rand McNally, $2.95). They are satisfying fantasy for youngsters up to seven. —BARNABAS

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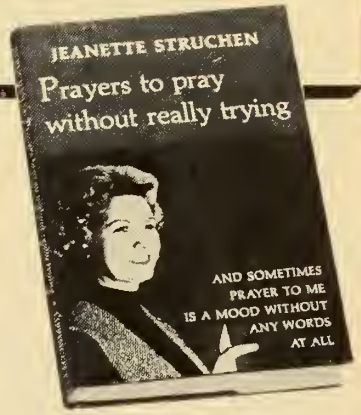
—AGNES SANFORD



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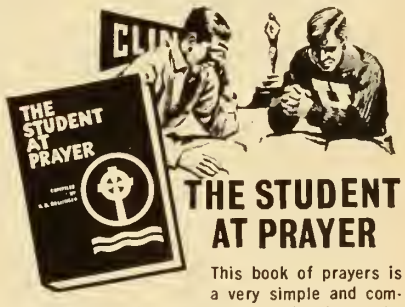

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FIRE
IN THE
FOREST!

GRANDFATHER Owl woke up on his pine branch with a start. The moon had climbed halfway up the sky.

"Dear me," he muttered, "I've overslept again. I should have been night-watching long ago. Even my nephew Blinkly is gone. He could have wakened me. This isn't good. I wish I could retire." Then he heard voices.

"Our good old friend's eyes and ears aren't as sharp as they used to be," someone was saying. It was Whitetail, the deer.

"Yes, he sent us home the other night because he thought a terrible storm was coming," said Sniffy Skunk. "It turned out the thunder was just water roaring over Bennie Beaver's dam."

Everyone laughed—except Brownie Bunny.

"One of these nights something dreadful will happen, like a fire in the forest," Brownie said solemnly. "Grandfather Owl won't even know it. See, he's dozing on duty right now. He should retire and appoint Blinkly as our night watchman."

Dear me, thought Grandfather Owl, they're talking about me.

"But how do you tell a dear old friend he should retire?" asked Whitetail. "Grandfather Owl has served us faithfully as watchman for years. It would hurt his feelings."

The animals nodded, but as they moved off, they all agreed that something had to be done.

Grandfather Owl was about to fly after them to say he was perfectly willing to retire. But he didn't. It would embarrass them to know I had overheard, he thought. Besides, I would have to tell them the truth about Blinkly. He thinks being a watchman is boring. Having fun is more important to him.

Grandfather Owl sat a long time thinking. Then he chuckled.

Isn't it nice, he thought. We all wish to speak the truth gently to each other so no one's feelings will be hurt. But even so, he told himself, something really must be done soon. How could he make Blinkly realize that being watchman is important? As Grandfather Owl looked at the moon he got an idea.

"Full moon!" he exclaimed. "Time for the firefly family reunion. That's just the thing!" Off he flew. Shortly, he flew back and settled on his favorite pine branch.

A little while later Blinkly came flying through the forest, his wings flapping wildly.

"Fire!" he screamed. "Everybody out! Fire in the forest!" The animals began streaming toward the river near Bennie Beaver's dam.

"Grandfather! Fire! Wake up!" shouted Blinkly as he flew by. Grandfather Owl chuckled and followed the other animals toward Bennie Beaver's dam. Finally Blinkly flew back and landed breathlessly.

"I'm glad you're all safe," he gasped. "It's very important that someone keep watch at night. This could have been serious if everyone hadn't gotten to the river. The fire is right behind me."

Blinkly was right. The fire was just behind him—flying through the air. It flew up in a bright, winking cloud and settled on the bushes nearby.

"Good evening," chorused the fire. "Lovely night for the firefly family reunion, isn't it?"

Blinkly's wings drooped. "Oh, my," he said in a small voice, "I've been a very foolish owl."

"No, Blinkly," spoke up Grandfather Owl. "You were not foolish, merely mistaken. Rather, you were alert. You saw a danger, and you sounded the alarm—even better than I might have done. I was dozing on duty. It's not the first time. What if this had been a real fire? We wouldn't be safely here by Bennie Beaver's dam."

"Yes, it could have been a real fire," said Brownie Bunny. "Blinkly warned us in time."

"Hurray for Blinkly!" shouted all the animals. Blinkly beamed.

"I'm getting old, friends," said Grandfather Owl. "It's time I retired. Blinkly has proved he can do the night watchman's job well. Therefore, I appoint you, Blinkly, to take my place."

Everyone congratulated Blinkly. Then before going about their business, they warmly shook Grandfather Owl's wing and thanked him for his long years of service.

"Now you can start your well-earned rest," said Grandfather Firefly.

"Because all of you helped," whispered Grandfather Owl. He lifted a wing to the fireflies. They rose in the air flashing "you're welcome" and drifted off through the trees.

Grandfather Owl flew back to his favorite pine branch, yawned, and happily went to sleep.

—Linda Alexander

Nature's Wonders

Fireflies that wink and blink
Give us cause to stop and think
About unusual creatures which
Have an automatic switch.

Little frogs that croak and leap
And sing their songs of "very deep"
Grow from swimming polliwogs
Into funny jumping frogs.

Fuzzy worms that crawl and creep
Spin cocoons and go to sleep.
Perhaps you know, if you are wise,
They wake up as butterflies.

—Nancy Allison Bartram

Name the Vegetables

The vegetables you like to eat
Hide some surprising things!
Read closely now and try to guess
The secret word each brings.

1. s - - - a c h	**used to fasten baby's diapers**
2. a - - - - a g u s	**part of a ship**
3. - - - t s	**an insect that stings**
4. p a r - - - -	**to cut with scissors**
5. r a - - - - e s	**something to eat from**
6. c a b - - - e	**take this on a trip**
7. - - - r o t	**kept in the garage**
8. s q u - - -	**a beautiful tree**
9. t o - - - o	**wipe your feet on this**

—Mary Louise Foley

Answers: 1—spinach. 2—asparagus. 3—beets. 4—parsnip. 5—radishes. 6—cabbage. 7—carrot. 8—squash. 9—tomato.

SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

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Letters

Together Proved Him Wrong

RICHARD MURRAY, *Director*
Office of Continuing Education
Perkins School of Theology
Dallas, Texas

As I sat in the balcony at the 1964 General Conference in Pittsburgh and heard it said that TOGETHER was to become the magazine for the whole church, I simply didn't believe it. I am writing now to say that you have done a fine job in proving that I was wrong. TOGETHER is doing much to help keep the church alive and move it toward the kind of institution it must become tomorrow.

Sir Thomas More: Another Side

GEORGE MIHALJAN
Saugus, Mass.

James M. Wall's *A Man for All Seasons* [April, page 45] praises Sir Thomas More for upholding the right of conscience in the England of the 1530s. Mr. Wall has not looked carefully into the history of Sir Thomas.

More died because he insisted that he had the right of conscience to refuse to recognize King Henry VIII's claim to be supreme head of the church. But while More insisted on *his* right of conscience, he refused that right to others.

When he was acting as chancellor, English reformers were brought before him on charges of heresy. To do him justice, More tried to make them renounce their beliefs and reasoned eloquently with them on their "sins" against the church. But if they claimed they could be loyal subjects of the king and still have religious beliefs different from the king's, More ordered them put to death.

Reason for Sinking Morals

MARTHA HENDERSON
San Antonio, Texas

I want to express myself on the National Council of Churches Broadcasting and Film Commission award to *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* as reported in the April issue of TOGETHER [page 46].

My comments are based on an article in *Life* of June 10, 1966, referring to the film as "Liz in a Shocker" which "shatters the rules of censorship." I certainly did not choose to see such a film. I have no doubt there is a very small minority who live as this film portrays, but such people should not be made so important, even in films.

How could the National Council of Churches commission even consider such a film for an award? Their explanation makes it even more unbelievable: "as encouragement to film-makers and recognition of the importance of the film medium to contemporary culture."

I resent bitterly such an award being mentioned in TOGETHER even though it is recommended for "mature audiences." Maybe what is needed is more maturity on the council that selects the commission members.

If the official organ of The Methodist Church is going to print such as this for families, I no longer wonder that the moral standards of films and elsewhere are sinking lower each year.

My one subscription, I'm sure, is very unimportant. My faith in TOGETHER is very important.

Film Award: Shocking

MRS. MILO D. ZIMMERMAN
Canoga Park, Calif.

It is shocking to find in TOGETHER, the magazine "for Methodist families," the 1966 motion picture awards by the National Council of Churches Broadcasting and Film Commission, with the *Virginia Woolf* picture heading the list.

I cannot understand how this film ever could be on any list of pictures of "outstanding artistic merit." I consider it the very worst I ever saw. The drunken characters are utterly disgusting, and most of the language is vile. This commission ought to be doing something to influence the making of decent pictures and to get rid of profanity in them instead of giving an award to one that is so profane.

"Somebody stole my frogs!"

Scanning Becomes Difficult

MRS. KENNETH L. BOWSER
Canton, Ohio

I must thank you, as I have so often meant to do, for the approach you are developing in TOGETHER. Because I live in a parsonage, all of the church's publications come into my hands. I make an attempt to at least scan all of them. It is becoming less and less possible merely to scan your magazine. I find myself reading every article, even *Letters*, although I often vow to read them no more.

At any rate, I want to say "Thank you" for your daring to formulate and endeavoring to follow the purposes you printed at the time of your anniversary last year. [See *Reflections on an Anniversary*, October, 1966, page 17.] I found them most stimulating.

Puritan Jesus—Not Methodist

MRS. LEON R. STREET
Burley, Idaho

Through swimsuit-clad families, brass-dripped armatures, wrought-iron Joseph of Arimatheas, and Christmas photo portfolios that had no conventional Christmas pictures, we have supported you steadfastly. But the cover of the April issue, *The Teaching Christ*, has lost us—temporarily, we hope.

Technically and artistically sound for church-school materials, it is not appropriate nor in good taste, nor even theologically sound for the Easter-Resurrection season. The pagan rabbit and the commercial Easter bonnet are more in the joy-filled Wesleyan tradition. That Puritan Jesus is not our Methodist Christ.

In this situation, dear brethren in Christ, your ethics have failed.

No Gladdening for the Heart

MRS. W. C. RICHARDSON
Evanston, Ill.

For me the cover on your April issue is hideous. It certainly did nothing to gladden my heart and lift my spirits, which is what I seek in any form of religion.

My image of Jesus I find in Warner Sallman's *Head of Christ*, for in this He looks on me with compassion, and I find the goodness, kindness, and mercy of a savior who is my dear and gentle friend.

I may be an old fogy and way behind

the times, but I am so grateful for my cherished memories of the art I appreciate—that which depicts for me the beauty of God's world.

Better Leave It Blank

ADA DISNEY
Highland, Md.

Of all the ugly pictures you have put on the cover of your magazine, I think the April one excels them all. If you can't do any better than that, you had better leave the cover blank.

Cover Hard to Stomach

JOHN C. ELDER
Trenton, N.J.

Since its inception, we have taken pride in TOGETHER and hope to continue to do so for a long time. However, it is hard to stomach the cover illustration of the April issue. I say "stomach" for that's where it makes me sick.

Why, for Easter, should we have to look at what appears to be the representation of a body three days dead? The spirit of the risen Christ should be one of joy and perfection, not one associated with earthly decomposition.

His Distaste Aroused

CLAUDE R. ROY, *Retired Minister*
Little Rock, Ark.

I do not consider myself an art critic. All I claim is that I know when a work of art appeals to me or arouses my distaste. Therefore, I am forced to say that the front cover on the April issue falls far short of good art to me. Of all the pathetic, pitiful, pusillanimous paintings I've ever seen, this takes the cake.

'Too Repulsive to Pass By'

MRS. ROY DAMERON
Holden, Mo.

The so-called art on the front of the April issue of TOGETHER is just too repulsive to pass by. Who, by any stretch of imagination, could have a mental picture of Christ that looks like that? It looks no better than some of the things the heathens worship. To me, art is something beautiful or it isn't art. The pictures in the center color section [*The World's Easter Art,* page 35] are no better.

No Decent Pictures of Christ

MRS. WILLIAM J. CLAPPER
Wolcott, N.Y.

"Trends in religious art" certainly do "continue away from what we knew as children," all right. [See *After-Hour Jottings,* April, page 3.]

Isn't there a person besides me who enjoys pleasing pictures of Christ any more? I haven't seen a decent picture of Christ in many months, maybe years, in your magazine.

What is there about any of these awful things we have been seeing to inspire people to follow Him? I send all my religious magazines to a woman in Indonesia, but I tore off two of your covers before sending them.

Source of Excitement

WAYNE C. JARVIS, *Pastor*
Gardner Methodist Church
Hot Springs, Ark.

Few issues of any magazine have been as relevant, beautiful, informative, and complete as the April TOGETHER. Thanks for providing The Methodist Church a magazine about which we can continue to be excited.

The Other Side of Washington

MRS. GILBERT NEILD
Camden, Del.

Briefing at the Top [April, page 27], the short article about Methodists visiting Washington, was very pleasant. However, it leaves the impression that these groups see only the tourist areas of the city. I wonder if they see the other side of the city.

The day after I received the April issue I took members of our junior-high class to Washington as a field trip in conjunction with a study of poverty. We spent our time mostly in the northeast section. There we learned of large families squeezed into two or three rooms, sharing a bathroom, and paying well over $100 a month rent. We looked into postage-stamp-sized yards filled with papers and trash. We learned that all escape routes from the ghetto are closed, save death.

We visited two Methodist churches to learn what is being done to help, and found one hardly able to do anything with a staff of two. The other, with a large staff of seminarians, shows promise. The students were surprised to learn that many churches and social agencies have left the center city to minister to people who can pay for their services. They also learned how urban renewal increases hardships of the poor to create luxurious, center-city apartment towers of upper middle-income families.

No, Washington is not the only city in these circumstances. The contrast here is greater between the grandiose government buildings and the absolute despair of the ghetto.

She Feels Better Now

MRS. JOYCE S. MacDUFFIE
Supervisor, Safety Section
Montana Dept. of Fish and Game
Helena, Mont.

Congratulations for having the fairness to print *Another Side to the Gun Question* [April, page 47]. Ever since I read the December, 1966, article, *They've Helped Make America Gun-*

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Happy, I have been planning to write a letter giving the other picture. Now that this has been done so ably by Gary L. Anderson, I feel better.

Shooting sports are among the finest sports there are to promote family togetherness. How many other forms of recreation can be so thoroughly enjoyed by mother, father, and teen-age children together? In Montana, we have a saying, "A man who hunts *with* his youngsters is not so likely to have to hunt *for* them." Safe gun handling offers unexcelled opportunities for teaching youngsters courtesy, consideration, and responsibility.

He Sees 'Fundamental Errors'

JAMES E. PAUK
St. Jacob, Ill.

In *Another Side to the Gun Question,* Gary Anderson makes several fundamental errors. He begins by saying that those favoring firearms-control legislation try to compare the average shooter with Lee Harvey Oswald, Charles Whitman, and the Minutemen. No such comparison is made. What *is* said is that Oswalds, Whitmans, and Minutemen do exist and that proper legislation can ferret them out and make it difficult for them to obtain firearms.

Mr. Anderson continues by showing "how ordinary the typical gun-owner is." He does not point out that most of them drive automobiles and have passed an eye exam and a driving test before being allowed to operate a potentially dangerous vehicle. Is it so much worse to make such requirements mandatory before being allowed to use a gun? And why not a learner's permit before licensing?

Mr. Anderson and others make much of the fact that 9,500 suicides are counted among the 17,000 firearms deaths each year. To stress this is to show little Christian concern for the 26 people who die daily of self-inflicted gunshot wounds. A good law could prevent most of these unbalanced persons from obtaining a gun in the first place and conceivably could give them time for second thoughts about such action.

I am a member of the National Rifle Association and have two rifles. I like to hunt. I would gladly submit to a test of my qualifications to shoot firearms. Nearly any other shooter would do the same, I am sure. Those who would not and those who would fail such a test do not, in my opinion, deserve the chance to turn a firearm from a piece of sporting equipment into a device that maims and kills.

Some Faith Restored

MRS. ROBERT CAGLE
Aledo, Ill.

The April article *Another Side to the Gun Question* is one of the most calm and logical items I have seen on this question. I want to express my appreciation to Gary L. Anderson for his excellent thoughts and also to the editorial staff for selecting this article for publication.

I might add that this article restores some of my faith in the magazine which I had lost after reading some of the other material presented.

'Best in a Long Time'

MRS. MAYNARD POTTER
Lamberton, Minn.

I want to thank you for the article by Gary L. Anderson, *Another Side to the Gun Question.* It is by far one of the best articles on this question that I have read in a long time. I wish you would send a copy to President Johnson and every congressman. It is an article that makes sense.

Interdependence: A Necessity

MRS. WILLIAM P. GORDON
Winston-Salem, N.C.

I enjoyed *Community in Crisis* [April, page 17]. I have noticed how people tend to shed their masks when confronted with situations beyond human control. Isn't it ironic that humans created with potentiality to conquer and master their environment can unite only when they have a common enemy larger than they? It is so easy to focus on a common enemy but so difficult for men to live in peace.

Even now our leaders would have us believe we are engaged in a struggle to rid the world of communism. Strangely, one must be a divided per-

A *Prayer* to Make Your Own

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea!
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers, and fruit thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, thou art there,
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to thee, O Lord! be given,
Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasures without end,
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to thee,
Who givest all!

—CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807-1885

sonality to accept the fact that Communists must be killed in Viet Nam but in the U.S. their rights must be guarded. It is like playing a game on a giant board with a safe territory and a killing territory. The score is always the same: Viet Cong, heavy losses; our side, very light. This is another rule of the game—no malicious lying, just mesmeric mendacity.

Maybe someday men will realize the importance of human interdependence. We do need each other, not as cliques to influence annihilation of designated enemies but in constructive building together. In the light of all man's great achievements, is there no alternative for war?

Only the Body Is Buried

GUY M. HALE
Stark City, Mo.

I have read with interest, and no little chagrin, the article *Death Was a Spooky Stranger* [March, page 22]. I object particularly to a sentence in the third paragraph: "Thus we would keep company with our friend Betty until she was buried in a spot on the grounds she had loved."

Betty was not buried, even in ground which she had loved. Christians know that only her dead body was buried there. Let's learn to talk like Christians.

What About Left Wing?

MRS. EARL C. HANSON
Lakeside, Mont.

In the March issue of TOGETHER on page 11, I noticed that the new Institute for American Democracy "plans a full-time program to educate Americans about 'the threat to the democratic middle ground' from extremists of the radical right and left."

Dr. Franklin H. Littell has diagrammed a number of right-wing groups, but where are the left-wing groups? Does he think they are no threat to our society? FBI Director Hoover and the press recognize the dangers from the left, and I hope Dr. Littell will also.

South Vietnamese Killed, Too

ERVIN L. WELCH, *City Manager*
Kettering, Ohio

In your April issue is an article stating that the Methodist Board of Missions has urged the United States to give serious consideration to a halt of bombing in North Viet Nam and that it also deplores civilian casualties resulting from bombing raids. [See *Mission Board Urges Candor on Viet Nam*, April, page 8.]

Since there have been many articles in the press about South Viet Nam civilians killed by North Viet Nam, I am curious as to why nothing about these alleged killings was included in your article.

TOGETHER's report, of course, was on a particular action by the Methodist Board of Missions and did not attempt to analyze the total Viet Nam situation. It seems fair to say, however, that the board and most responsible critics of U.S. policy do not overlook nor condone the killing of South Vietnamese civilians by North Vietnamese or Viet Cong forces. The point many churchmen are raising is simply that any killing by either side is deplorable and that any initiative the United States can take to stop at least some of the killing should be attempted—especially when Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and others have questioned the effectiveness of such raids.—EDITORS

Teens Column *Together*'s Best

DONALD B. STROBE, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church
Grand Rapids, Mich.

A letter in the April issue critical of the *Teens Together* column [see *Tolerance Turns to Compromise*, page 74] prompts this note of commendation for what you are doing. *Teens Together*, in the judgment of at least this one parent of a teen-ager, is by far the best thing about TOGETHER.

I do not know Dr. Dale White, but he seems to be the kind of person I would very much like to know and to have my teen-agers know, if only through the pages of TOGETHER. I appreciate his Christian compassion and sound theological orientation.

My wife and I especially appreciated the compassionate way he dealt with very difficult issues in the March column. May you and he keep up the good work for a long time!

Floral Symbols—Thrilling

EUGENE KINNEY, *Pastor*
Stanley Union Church
Stanley, Iowa

When your April issue arrived, as usual I started through it from the back. For 20 minutes I didn't get beyond the inside back cover and page 76. I have been thrilled with art before, but those five *Floral Symbols of Easter* are the most thrilling pictures I have seen in a long time.

50-Year-Old Words Pertinent

JAMES G. HUPP
Orinda, Calif.

The sermon *A Certain Lost Recklessness* by James Wm. Morgan [January, page 47] reminded me of the following passage written 50 years ago by W. M. Macgregor in *Jesus Christ the Son of God* (Los Angeles: T. & T. Clark, 1917):

"Jesus did love a man who was able to be reckless. He did not choose for

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MISCELLANEOUS

VISITING ENGLAND! WELCOME AT "The Home of the Wesleys" overnight accommodation. Brochure from The Warden, Old Rectory, Epworth, Doncaster, England.

Don't Neglect Slipping
FALSE TEETH

Do false teeth drop, slip or wobble when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This alkaline powder holds false teeth more firmly. Gives confident feeling of security and added comfort. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Dentures that fit are essential to health. See your dentist regularly. Get FASTEETH at all drug counters.

Prescription for a Happy Marriage

ONCE I knew a couple who had been married 50 years and were still blissfully happy. Their children were married, he was retired, and they lived by themselves.

Visitors to our town, who saw them walking down the street arm in arm, invariably asked if they were newlyweds. They seemed so acutely aware of each other and of life. That marriage was a perpetual Maytide.

In this age of easy divorce, to have remained married for 50 years is no little accomplishment, but to have retained romance is a major achievement.

Married when William McKinley was president, they were much impressed with his devotion to Mrs. McKinley, an invalid. When he left her in the morning, he always looked back at her window and tipped his hat—a lifetime habit. In a hundred little considerate ways, he showed her that she was "first lady" with him.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," my friend said to her husband one day, "if we could be as devoted as the McKinleys when we reach their age?"

In an effort to work toward such a goal, and without letting intimacy dull the edge of their feeling for each other, they made an agreement. At all times, they vowed, they would show each other the same deference and little courtesies which would be shown a guest in the house.

"On occasion it took discipline," they explained, "especially when we were feeling out of sorts or resentful. But it grew into a habit."

I might have known that a happy marriage does not just happen. But I could not be expected to know that it could be the result of a gentleman's agreement.

—DORON K. ANTRIM

his disciples discreet and futile persons, but a man whose temper was not always under control, and whose tongue was rough when he was roused, and another who might have been a saint, but his life got twisted and he betrayed his Lord. He wanted life in men, energy, impulse; and in His church, He has often found nothing but a certain tame decorum, of which even He can make little."

The descriptive terms "discreet and futile persons" and "certain tame decorum" could be applied so aptly to many of us today. We don't want to stick our necks out; we want to avoid controversy; we don't want to get involved; we must not rock the boat.

In our anxiety to be ever circumspect and discreet, we tend to think of the church as a fortress rather than an expeditionary force.

Two Articles Appreciated

MRS. JOHN DEIS
Muncie, Ind.

Your March issue was wonderful, as usual. I particularly appreciated *Thanks a Lot!* [page 41] and *Satellites and Saddle Horses* [page 43]. Keep up the good work.

An Unforgettable Article

MRS. ROY E. WILSON
Rocky River, Ohio

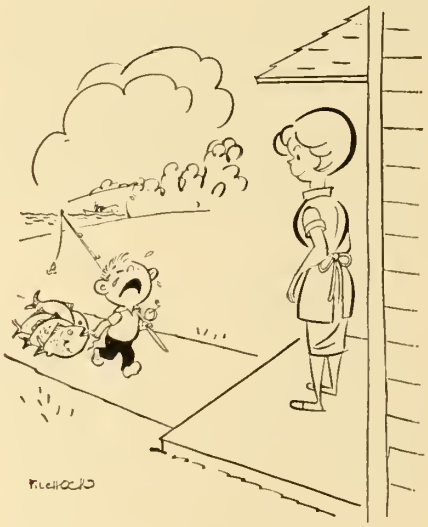
It will be a long time before I forget the article *Thanks a Lot!* and its illustration. In its simplicity there is grandeur, and in its deep sincerity it is heroic.

'Masterpiece' for His Files

CHARLES O. RINGHISER
Logan, Ohio

The article *Thanks a Lot!* is a masterpiece I shall keep in my files for all time.

In a day when patriotism is a dirty word, draft dodging is a pastime for many young people, and many colleges are overrun by unshaven, long-haired, dirty kooks, it is good to know there are a few who appreciate what it costs to keep the kooks free men. How this article got into an ultraliberal magazine I shall never know. The day of miracles is not over yet.



"Daddy chased me home!"

Campus Ministry: Growing Edge

DON OSBORNE
Wesley Foundation Board
Seattle, Wash.

Thank you for the recognition given the campus ministry in the March issue. Both the articles, *New Status for Campus Ministries* [page 4] and *Those Revolting Students* [page 18], reflect the difficulties inherent in this special ministry.

As one who had some serious question as to the value of coffeehouses, I now recognize the significance of this program in terms of providing contact with students. In some ways, this ministry is one of the growing edges of the church and needs to remain sensitive to useful change.

March Particularly Rewarding

HARRY NELSON GOODLIN, *Pastor St. John's United Church of Christ Eden, N.Y.*

I have been receiving TOGETHER for more than two years and find it to be richly rewarding. The March issue was particularly so, especially in the article *Those Revolting Students* by Robert McAfee Brown.

His Special Interests Hit

JOHN R. WILKINS, *Retired Minister Petaluma, Calif.*

This is a brief letter of commendation concerning the policy of your magazine in dealing with important contemporary issues in our society.

In reading through the March issue, I found four articles of special interest: *Those Revolting Students; Do You Really Want to Quit Smoking?* [page 31]; *Brasilia: A New World Capital* [page 33] (I visited there in 1962); and *The Social Gospel* [page 62].

A Different Way of Sharing

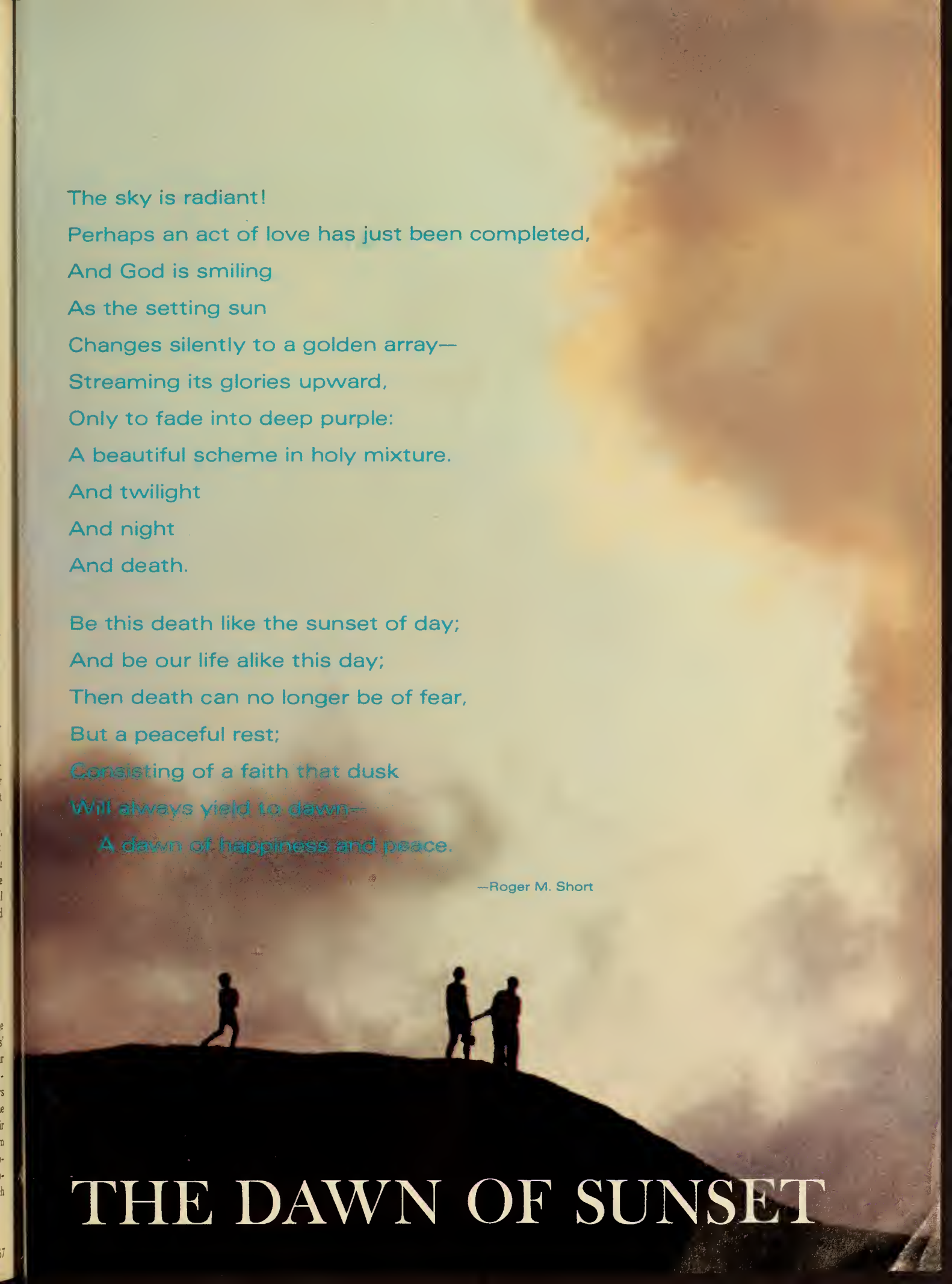
MRS. WINSLOW H. RANDALL
Mount Lebanon, Pa.

We have a suggestion to encourage use of TOGETHER beyond the subscribers' own homes. Through an item in our newsletter at Mount Lebanon Methodist Church, we have asked members to share their copies of the magazine by taking them to the offices of their doctors and dentists and leaving them for others to read. Such sharing provides a service to individuals by introducing many to this outstanding church magazine.

The sky is radiant!
Perhaps an act of love has just been completed,
And God is smiling
As the setting sun
Changes silently to a golden array—
Streaming its glories upward,
Only to fade into deep purple:
A beautiful scheme in holy mixture.
And twilight
And night
And death.

Be this death like the sunset of day;
And be our life alike this day;
Then death can no longer be of fear,
But a peaceful rest;
Consisting of a faith that dusk
Will always yield to dawn—
A dawn of happiness and peace.

—Roger M. Short



THE DAWN OF SUNSET

A reader recently noted: "I like TOGETHER but it is just one of SO MANY magazines coming to our home each month."

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Today, perhaps more than before, you are faced with making a choice of what you read. Shouldn't church-oriented TOGETHER be near the top?

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